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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Pro-Slavery.

From the Yankee Doodle.

THE FALL STYLE—DIRECT FROM LONDON.

Hats are worn this season of silk over wool, and the cigar is carried very much out of the mouth.—Those who don't wish to be very French as to appear completely ridiculous go to BEEBE & COSTAR for their hats, and to JENNINGS for their raiment. But the exquisite exotic we love to see is imported from the four-shilling side of Broadway to the head of this article patronized very different establishments.—This luxurious fragment of the farthest of aristocracy, freedom has just returned from his travels in Europe, where he was *fêted* and flattered by the nobility, was graciously permitted to kiss the hand of royalty, and dined with the LORD MAYOR—SIR JOHN RUSSELL being seated on one side and PUNCH on the other. Sir JOHN was obliged to cotton to the distinguished American on the subject of an odour of nationality which he insisted was strongly perceptible even in the persons of Americans; but his Lordship came down very sweet on the sugar business, and showed off such injicements for the negroes in Jamaica to raise Cain that a great many rows have already sprung up in various parts of the Island.

While in England our specimen of unbleached American domestics was invited to address Everybody's Convention, and query the Queen whether she was oblidged to furnish so many Dutchesses and Countesses with locks of hair as keepsakes, that the price of Brummagem Sheepshears cosiderably advanced, and there was a very sensible depression on the wool market. At the same time the QUEEN refused to read the leaders in the *Times*, as they were the production of slave-labour. The Duke of WELLINGTON was offered the distinguished stranger a situation in the Horse Marines, which was respectfully declined,—our hero not wishing to enter under that category. At the opera he was presented to the PRINCE OF WALES, and appeared to be highly amused at the innocent prattle of his Royal Highness, especially at the joke of the Prince, who playfully held his handkerchief to his nose, and said he intended to make his distinguished acquaintance a present of an order to the Bath,—but whether it was to be one at Trafalgar Square our reporter could not learn.

After the ballet our hero was invited to a *petite soirée* in the apartments of Madame COUTTS, where he delighted that very capable dancer, and a number of the leaders of *ton* with the Virginia Breakdown, the Canvas-backed Quadrille, and the Alabama Cyprian Irish-American dance called PAT JUBA. Steps were immediately taken to introduce these elegant dances in the Queen's drawing-rooms and the other aparatments of the nobility generally.

In short, TOM THUMB was made very little of in comparison with our hero; and if the success of one of his honours is, that LORD BROUGHAM has consented to write his biography in sixteen large foolscap volumes, unbound and not pressed.

Selections.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The following candid, and forcible article we copy from the editorial columns of the *London Inquirer*, a paper, which has always been friendly to our cause, but has never before committed itself so fully and universally:

We have reported rather fully in our present number a public meeting held at the Crown and Anchor, on Monday evening, to further the objects of the Anti-Slavery League. This new society has been formed, by some of the more ardent opponents of Slavery, with an especial view to the case of things in America, and with the hope of bringing the power of public opinion, and the moral influence belonging to it, to bear so strongly on the case of American Slavery, as to contribute something to hasten its abolition. It is, in fact, a society formed under the advice of the leaders of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and expressly designed to aid it. The meeting was rendered interesting by the presence of those remarkable men, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, HENRY C. WRIGHT, and FREDERICK DOUGLASS. Their powerful and earnest appeals were listened to with deep attention; and the numerous audience, with one or two exceptions, responded warmly to the sentiments addressed to them, and the resolutions proposed for their adoption.

The peculiar view is, that the holding a fellowman in bondage, and enforcing his unrequited services, is, in a civilized and Christian community, a *crime of the deepest dye*; that those who are guilty of such conduct ought to be treated as criminals; and that all who sanction them, by treating them as if they had done nothing to forfeit the esteem of society—who join in church communion with them as approved Christians—or who refuse to bear open and distinct testimony against their conduct—are participators in, and encouragers of, the criminality, and ought themselves to be treated as, in other cases, the responsible part of the community treat the abettors of the crimes which disturb the public peace.

It must be confessed that this is hard doctrine; and there are many worthy and excellent people who are found unable to bear it. Our own feelings have strongly rebelled against it; but it is the doctrine, and some severe mental struggles, we give way to the force of the reasons alleged, and yield, we must own, a reluctant but a sincere and full assent to the principles laid down.

The difficulties raised are these:—First. The impossibility of that being treated as a *crime* which is sanctioned by the laws of the country in which those who commit it are living. Secondly. The excuses due to the education, prejudices, and position of the slaveholders, and to their many excellent qualities; and the deference we owe to the judgment and principles of many able, well-informed, judicious, and excellent men, who do not think as we do with the extreme Anti-Slavery party, and who refuse to hold social, friendly, and religious intercourse with slaveholders. Thirdly. The inexpediency of attempting interference with the political Constitution and peculiar institutions of an independent nation, in no degree under our control. And fourthly. The weakness of the proceeding recommended, and its unavoidably *personal* character; whilst it is conceived that all that can justly be expected from us is to share our disapprobation of the *system of Slavery*, and our desire to induce its upholders to put an end to it in such a manner, and at such a time, as shall seem to them safe and expedient.

Some of these difficulties we have felt strongly ourselves—others we have seen to influence benevolent men, to whom the Slavery system is most abhorrent, but who think the course taken by such societies as the Anti-Slavery League, fanatical, unjustifiable, and pernicious. We will, then, very shortly, give the substance of the reasons which influence our present decision in respect to each of the difficulties above referred to. And first, we think almost every one recognizes the principle that the laws of the land sometimes omit to denounce, and even not unfrequently sanction, what is morally wrong; and in such a case it is only the more necessary decidedly to condemn such in defiance of moral influences, has secured to itself the sanction of law. If the case were a disputable one, it would seem to be quite on the basis on the arguments which seemed to us to justify the view we adopt. But is any one to be fond in a civilized country whose conscience or conscience justify Slavery? Men know that in doing so they commit a great and grievous wrong. They excuse it by custom and example, and cling to it from supposed personal interest; but their hearts tell them, if they think at all, that they are guilty of a crime against their brother. The excuses founded on the natural inferiority of the enslaved race, and the alleged general kindness of their treatment, are unbearable. Abundant examples prove the negroes to be capable of attainments which would do no discredit to those who employ the best advantages: and stubbornly to keep them in ignorance, and then attribute this ignorance to deficiencies in them, is adding insult to cruelty. Besides, from the intermingling of the races, many of the slaves are already as white as their owners, and cannot be alleged, by the most obstinate believer in negro inferiority, to be less capable of mental or moral cultivation than those who hold them in bondage. But granting the inferiority supposed, who could pretend that it would justify us in enslaving instead of protecting those who, on this supposition, are made by nature in a certain degree dependent upon us? Who can patiently endure the idea of a human being keeping in ignorance and degradation, that he may compel him to labour, and believe to be made dependent upon us for any improvement they may obtain?

There is no excuse for Slavery, and it is difficult to believe that any one does justify it to himself, except in the same way as thieves of all sorts pretend to defend their occupation, by saying it is necessary. Every slaveholder knows and feels that he holds what no human power can give him a *just* claim to, and what, therefore, according to any laws, cannot be rightfully his. There are many millions, of various classes, of whom we may just as well say, that they have no right to be ignorant as many millions that they be so, and we pity them, but we rank them among criminals, notwithstanding; and plainly mark, by our conduct towards them, our feeling of the injury and injustice in their conduct. A slaveholder is one who takes, or keeps possession of a fellowman, a brother, as the mere instrument of his will, regardless of his moral and political rights. Talk of a sheep-stealer, or a forger, as a criminal,—why either of them is innocent, compared with the man who has his brother in bondage. It is very common to speak as if the circumstance of finding ourselves, by inheritance, the possessors of slave property, put us in a position, that we were unjustly be required to give up such property. It is, however, strictly true, that slave property is no real property, and it is time it were universally, and as soon as we know that any of our inherited wealth was unjustly obtained, we are bound to give it up, at whatever cost to ourselves. This has often been done in the case of other kinds of property, and the strict honesty requires it of every slave-owner. The representations that the negroes are happier as slaves than they would be otherwise, and therefore ought not to be interfered with, only show to what an extent the human mind may be perverted by prejudice.

It really is not right to reason on the subject, as if there could be a doubt in any honest mind, of Slavery being a crime which ought to be esteemed just as necessary for us slaholately to prove that murder is a crime. The law which sanctions the crime is inconsistent with the law which, who must know that it is unjust; and the legal question only adds to the atrocity of the violation of natural rights. In the case of the American Republic, the public recognition of the fundamental principle, that all men are by nature free and equal, is an aggravation of the violation of that law, violating this principle; and the mode of treating and managing the slaves, and the Slave laws in relation to them, prove that all practical sense of severity out of the question—prove that masters are conscious of violating the rights of humanity. Thieves are often brought up in honest employment, and learn from their childhood to consider it as a fair one; most criminals find some way of satisfying their consciences for a course which they regard and treat them as afflicted with a grievous moral disease; to receive them as respectable members of society, is to sanction and encourage vice; and there is no case in which this is more certain and manifest, than in relation to the crime of slaveholding.

The second point has been involved with the first, and we need add but few words on what has been said. Without doubt, slaveholders have often polished manners, and many generous and good feelings. There may be much about them to like, and even esteem. Let us think, however, how completely this is true of many moral profligates, who, like the slaveholders, have been early led to believe that the conduct they pursue is a natural and allowable one; but whom, nevertheless, all good men feel it their duty to discountenance. It is even true of thieves, pirates, and others, that many among whom society is most interested in repressing, that their characters are far from being utterly and in all things bad; and probably, by the worst even of profligates, by evil example, or by powerful temptation, for resisting which they had no proper preparation, they have become what they are, whilst we could gladly save them, we must condemn, and are bound to mark with our strong disapprobation: the question is, does the crime of slaveholding demand less from us? and we cannot hesitate as to the answer. Nor can we reasonably doubt, that the determination of those who profess to have a sincere regard to religion and morals, to mark with their strong disapprobation any particular offence, which, from any cause, has been treated too leniently, will have powerful means of influencing the conduct of mankind. By the British law, to slaveowners of a particular race, and in connection with difference of colour, and with alleged inferiority of intellect, is not to be honoured; it is a great crime, and every one connected with it ought to know and feel that it is so regarded.

The great difficulty is with the case of the individual encouragers of it. Those who tell us they act openly, and feel with us about its evils, but who, nevertheless, censure our practical course, maintaining that, in the remedies for such evils must be slow and cautious, and with the concurrence of the parties concerned, and making excuses for the guilty as only acting on their own view in a disputable question; we have no right to refuse to feel communion with worthy citizens and good Christians. The simple fact is, that the grandest supports of Slavery, and one is one of the greatest obstacles to the establishment of a right feeling against it. They are by influenced by habit, by public and kind feelings, but they by habit, by the greatest possible mischief; and without doing the greatest possible mischief; and without separating ourselves from them by a mere act of discipline, we cannot by any change being effectually cured.

If we do not make Slavery a moral and religious question, and entirely make up our minds as to its wickedness, and lasting inconsistency with to its wickedness, and lasting inconsistency with the religion of Christ, we do nothing. We should not consider, as worthy of our countenance and respect, a man who excused, as necessary, forgery, or fraudulent dealing; and there can be no doubt that slaveholding is far more criminal than any of these. He who will have connections with any of these. He who will have connections with those who practice these things must depend on them only, for the better part of society will have nothing to do with him, and such ought to be our course in respect to Slavery.

The objection that we have no right to interfere with an independent nation, is surely a very strange one. Great Britain, as an empire, has indeed no right to dictate to the governments or nations, or to call them to account for their conduct, but who may even thus remonstrate against wrong, and urge with humility and hope of change; but when the question is about moral influences, and public opinion and feeling by any member of the inhabitants of this country, in respect to the institutions or practices of America, or any other people, there is neither any power existing which can prevent it, and we should there be any reason or justice in the attempt to prevent it.

We ought in be interested in the welfare of our brethren, all the world over, and it is our duty, and a great means of usefulness, and enjoyment to bring to what is going on, and to endeavour to encourage whatever is good, and discountenance what is evil. Every American, if he has sprung up in a band of men associated together as the uncompromising enemies of Slavery—abused by many as fanatics, who have acted with great consistency, but who, by their firmness and perseverance, have already produced important effects, and are drawing into their ranks the most active and influential associated Christians and philanthropists. If we think them right, who shall prevent our saying so, and joining together in an effort there our rights of action. This is no political action. It is altogether beyond the province of Governments. It is purely moral influence, and the only question that can be raised is, whether it is an influence in the right direction.

We cannot wonder that many shrink from the contest which obliges them to use the language of condemnation towards many whom they have many reasons to admire and love. We have shrunk from the presumption of blaming such men, and we have felt a sort of shame at the extreme repugnance to any of conduct which seems to aim at influencing by condemnation, not by pure argument, or by the force of truth. But we have no right to shrink from one of the greatest supports of the accursed system of Slavery is the indulgence it receives from those who, with many claims to respect, do not, in a decided course, and separate themselves from it, we feel that we are called upon, not to insult or quarrel with, but to treat them, like brethren, with full confidence and regard from those who are, in our deliberate judgment, a great means of supporting a system of the miseries and abominations of which it is impossible to speak too strongly. We believe that duty demands that we give our earnest support to the anti-Slavery efforts of those who desire to arouse, concentrate, and direct public opinion in this country; and that we are permitted to take no lower ground than that of Slavery being a great crime, and all who treat it with any indulgence making themselves partakers in the crime.

From the True American.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

There is a strong excitement in Western Virginia as to the manner in which they have been treated by the Legislature of the State.

The people there are deeply anxious to extend the cause of education, and to do something, at the same time, to develop the resources of the country. But the slaveholders are strongest, Eastern Virginia possesses still the political power. Hence, has the Legislature denied to Western Virginia all her demands. She asked for a right of way for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. She asked for her people, stockholders, and he used against the freemen of Western Virginia. They say, No, and they answer NO with effect, Western Virginians are calling their conventions of the people, and proclaiming what they will do and will not submit to. Two of these conventions was held on the 25th, at Weston, Lewis county. It was a mighty throng, Ritchie had there his able champion, Delegate, Nicholas her ally, and the other counties larger hosts still.

This is right. Agitate, agitate, agitate. Let the people know and understand the facts on every occasion. Shout out in concentrated voice, and with a single peal, their will—and the politicians at the capitol shall quickly hear and heed it.

From the Clare Journal.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The Evangelical Conference has closed its session. From this highly influential body it was confidently anticipated that great and good results would accrue to the world at large. We have ever regarded the spirit of bigotry, intolerance, and those acrimonious feelings, which have been hitherto evinced, in a greater or less degree, by the various sects of Christians, as the chief and the greatest tendency to mar out of the heart every Christian virtue, and effectually to neutralize every effort which might be made to promote the holy precepts Gospel of the grace of God. We do not, it is true, look for a concordance of opinion on every doctrinal point, for this is an impossibility, from the limited and imperfect state of man's knowledge. But we do expect that those

"whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,"

be their name or sect what it may, should manifest a union of heart and purpose, which would serve to convince the world that they are one in Christ Jesus. And this is the union at which we aim. The affections of the heart may be sweetly blended together, but men's minds are made of stronger and coarser materials, and act intellectually in the same channel. We lay no claim to infallibility. Such an idea could only find place among the hallucinations of the Church of Rome. The Evangelical Alliance deprecated a doctrine so dangerous. They made allowance for human frailties; and agreed to regard with Christian charity those with whom they could not agree as polemics. There are, however, certain principles on which this Alliance is based. It disowns any principle which is not founded on truth. It would be the very foolishness of folly for any association of the kind to act independent of fixed principles. It would be like building a house on the sand. The Alliance has therefore laid down its principles, in which it is imperative on its members to agree. Any principle as might be expressed from such a body. And we hailed with delight the prospect of spreading those principles among the Protestant population of Ireland. We were most confident there is one act of this great Assembly which has saddened our spirit, and of which we can by no means approve. We allude to the resolution relative to Slavery in the United States. This awful traffic in the souls and bodies of their fellow-men, the Conference has left an open question? Such a decision has filled us with surprise. We were not prepared to expect that such a large assemblage of the professed Ambassadors of Christ would have neglected to give the glorious opportunity afforded them of dealing out a death-blow to American Slavery. Yet they have done so. It is absurd to say that the Alliance has no jurisdiction in the United States, or that it has no right to interfere with them. And here, perhaps, I may be permitted to recall the fact, that, in 1843, there was circulated throughout the length and breadth of this land, a petition, which has had—we hambly believe—a useful influence in directing and exciting the attention of the British, to the most important social question of our age.

That address was signed by one hundred and ninety-five ministers; and gratefully I reflect on the thoughts which have been expressed of it, in the words of Thomas Clarkson, now lying before me. But Mr. Clarkson had not then seen another document, which, in point of power—if not of feeling—far, very far indeed, surpassed it. That other document subsequently came from America. It was the fervid "Protest" of one hundred and seventy-three Unitarian ministers of the Northern States against the slave system of their country; of whose churches were sitting in cooference by their side, that they should have shown, with uncompromising firmness, their just abhorrence of this odious and infernal system. They did not do so; but, on the wilfully cried out "peace, peace! when there was no peace." This is certainly a deep and dark stain on the character of the Alliance. And it is one which we believe will go far in withdrawing from them the favour and sympathy of the humane and benevolent throughout the world, and may justly draw also in withholding the blessing of a God of mercy and love upon their exertions.

We shall probably soon refer more largely to this subject. In the meantime we recommend to the attention of our readers the epitome of Mr. Garrison's address, which will be found in another column.

From the Bugle.

DISUNIONISTS PAYING TAXES.

Those who unwillingly pay taxes, or from whom property is taken in the collection of taxes, to a great extent, support the Government which siezes upon their property, but such support is involuntary, and therefore not criminal. Whatever may be the character of the Government which is guilty of the act. To use a familiar illustration, robbery upon the highway is no more robbery than that committed by the Government in the exaction of taxes. The only difference is this: one is legalized robbery, the other illegal; one is done by the authority of organization calling itself the United States Government, the other by a private individual. If it may be justly said that a man supports highway robbery by being robbed of his pocket-book and purse, then does the unwilling payer of taxes support the Government which takes from him.

We know of no Disunionist who desires to contribute of his means to sustain the Government, or who willingly does it. But a tax is levied upon his property, in common with the property of all others, and the demand is made, "your money or your life," or rather, "your money, or your life *and your money*." Foreign nations attack him not; he may die in defence of his property, but if he does, the tax will, nevertheless, be exacted. The only question he is left to decide is, whether his land, or the hire of the tax-gatherer, shall take the money from his pocket. His decision of this does not affect the principle involved, and therefore he does not sanction or countenance in the remotest degree the Government whose agent robbed him. As well might it be said that the man who is bound and plundered by gallows sanctions the system of capital punishment, for without culprits there would be no hanging.

If England should, without any provocation, declare war upon this country, land her troops in Cleveland, and carry fire, desolation, and death throughout Ohio, and if her troops should march eastward, and take his wheat, and corn, and bacon, for their support, attach his horses to their cannon, and make beef of his cattle, would these acts constitute the Disunionist in the remotest degree the Government whose agent robbed him. As well might it be said that the man who is bound and plundered by gallows sanctions the system of capital punishment, for without culprits there would be no hanging.

If England should, without any provocation, declare war upon this country, land her troops in Cleveland, and carry fire, desolation, and death throughout Ohio, and if her troops should march eastward, and take his wheat, and corn, and bacon, for their support, attach his horses to their cannon, and make beef of his cattle, would these acts constitute the Disunionist in the remotest degree the Government whose agent robbed him. As well might it be said that the man who is bound and plundered by highway robbery by being robbed of his pocket-book and purse, then does the unwilling payer of taxes support the Government which takes from him.

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Communications.

Free Labour Goods.

COLLINS, 10th-mo. 1846.

It has long been the sentiment of my mind, that it i wrong for us willingly and knowingly, to aid in supporting any cause, the effects of which produce sin and misery. That Slavery is a cause of sin, misery, much misery and distress, perhaps no one will pretend to deny; and that even some of the *Abolitionists* are supporting this cause, by trafficking in, and consuming slave-earned goods. It seems inconsistent with reason, that we should pray for the overthrow of a system, which the souls which we fain would raise. Let us withhold from the market the sales we will never make to us, and the sales will soon cease. Let such individuals be selected to manage and oversee the businesses may be confided in; such as feel their interests bound together with the interests of all others. Let them go to the Southern planters, and, in the spirit of meekness and love, say to them: "We wish for some of the products of your labour, but we will not defile ourselves by traffic in *slave-earned goods*; therefore, if you will set your slaves at liberty, and hire them, we will purchase the produce of their labour, and pay you an extra price for it." This might encourage some one to try the experiment of employing men, instead of slaves, and others might follow the example, indeed, by the prospect of a more ready market; and as there are already some free plantations, there could soon be a sufficient quantity of goods obtained to make a beginning. Then these articles might be kept by themselves and fitted for market.

It has often been need that we should be likely to be imposed upon, by having slave-earned goods presented to us instead of free goods. But I think a remedy for this might be found, by having the price of free goods stationed a cent or two at least lower on a pound of sugar, or any other goods, than the market price of slave goods of the same quality.

Some may think this would be doing too much; but let us pause and view the subject a little. This would be bearing only a small share of the burden which we, ourselves have been heaping upon the slave, by being accessary with their masters, by buying and consuming what they have compelled the slaves to raise.

No matter how many hands the goods come through; the consumer is the one for whom they are intended. Were there no consumers of slave goods, there would be no planters of them, and consequently no slaves wanted. So that the sin of Slavery does not wholly rest upon the slaveholders, but in part upon the purchasers and consumers of the goods; who, for the sake of gain to themselves, have as it were, agreed with the slaveholders to plant the slaves and oil their machinery. Those to whom we extend the command of our ships, a regard for our own reputation, as well as that of Captain Hussey, impels us to take some notice of this publication. From all the information we can obtain upon the subject, examined by evidence in our possession, we pronounce *Ann Harriet* a libel on the whole transaction. Mr. Roberts was shipped on board the "Effort" as cook, as a substitute for another man—and had every appearance of not being in good health when he joined his ship—and throughout the voyage the steward was called upon to perform a portion of his (the cook's) duty. At Rio, the lay following his unsuccessful attempt to obtain Roberts an entrance into the hospital, Captain Hussey proposed to him to go on shore for that purpose, when Roberts refused to accompany him, alleging that he was better. He voluntarily continued upon the voyage to New Orleans; and upon the ship's arrival in that port, on the third of April, he was taken to prison by the usual warrant, under the Laws of Louisiana—the Captain giving bonds to the State, in the sum of two thousand dollars, for his removal from its limits at the time of his own departure. On the 21st of the same month, the Captain obtained his release, and finding him unable to proceed upon a foreign voyage, left him at the hospital, where he died. Captain Hussey then returned to his ship, and sailed for Marseilles. I was fearful, on my arrival in that port, that I should find Roberts still in prison; my disease, the dysentery, preving upon my system—obliged to lay on the naked floor—my food uncooked except the bread. I had about fifty dollars in one of the ship. I wrote a note to the Captain (as also did the keeper of the prison) to send me some money, but he did not. I was confined twenty-eight days, when the Captain, finding me unable to join my ship and go to work, cursed and swore at me, and had me sent to Marseilles. I was locked up

voyage, he was shipped on board a vessel bound to New-York, and proceeded to sea in company with Captain Hussey, having been in prison eighteen, not twenty-eight days. With regard to the jail fees, we have before us the receipted account of the Deputy Sheriff of New Orleans against the barque "Effort," and owners, for the same, amounting to $11.50, showing that they were paid by us. We have also before us John H. Roberts's account current with the barque "Effort" and owners, showing the sum of $56.72 due to him, to which is attached the certificate of the said John H. Roberts, declaring that he had received the said amount in full of all demands against the said barque "Effort" and owners—and this is duly signed and witnessed. In this account no jail fees are charged to him. We have, also, before us the written order of Roberts upon the Captain of the "Effort," for the payment of money, and the account shows that this order was paid.

We have no remarks to make upon the subject of Robert's treatment while in prison. None can be more sensible than we are of the injustice of the laws of Louisiana, and we fear that it is often executed with but little regard for the rights or feelings of the class of men to whom it applies. This is, however, a matter beyond our control, or that of our captains.

We do not know the author of the communication in your paper. However much we may approve his purpose of asserting the claims of coloured seamen, for public sympathy in the treatment they receive at the South, and we highly commend his object, we would caution him against implicating the innocent with the guilty, and advise him before adducing facts in support of his position, to convince himself of their truth, and the credibility of those who relate them.

In conclusion, Sir, and hoping you will pardon our lengthy communication, we have only to say that we presume you will have no objection in giving to our letter a place in your paper, while we remain, your very obedient servants,

ROBERT G. SHAW & CO.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1846.

The War.—In conclusion.

The war stirred up in Texas by the American conspirators, was represented by their emissaries, and by the political and religious presses, (without exception we believe,) as a struggle for civil and religious liberty against Mexican tyranny and persecution. Both parts of this representation were cruelly and wickedly false, the persecutions as well as the tyranny. The colonists would have had no just cause of complaint if they had been compelled to a rigorous conformity to the established religion of the country, for they had every one taken an oath to be Catholics, as a condition precedent to getting their lands. But the Mexicans never disturbed one of them in any religious faith or form he chose to adopt, or had already adopted; and finally, in 1834, the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas passed an act, securing to all, in theory as well as practice, perfect religious liberty. Yet the religious press of the North sustained a special appeal of these pirate conspirators to "the descendants of the puritans," to come with arms and money to the rescue of "freedom of conscience" in Texas!

There has been a system of bullying and threatening practised by our Government towards Mexico calculated to humble and degrade her, to prepare her to become an easy prey, and to prepare public opinion at home to acquiesce in it. Poinsett threatens that the Government of the United States will reclaim runaway slaves by force, or have an indemnity for them, if Mexico will not stipulate to surrender them peaceably; and also, that the [illegible] and seize them. Butler repeats the same threats. Poinsett tells them coolly that they must expect military incursions on their frontier so long as they do not consummate the treaty of *commerce*, endeavouring thereby to force that treaty through without the other. Van Buren, with more courtesy but the same studied malignity, insinuates that Mexico can never keep quiet possession of Texas, while our "adventurous spirits" are within it, and the Indians are concentrating, as he says they must more and more under the policy of our Government, on her frontiers. Even Daniel Webster, to obtain the liberation and return of the miscreants of the Santa Fé expedition, tells Mexico that non-compliance with the wishes of his Government will be likely to increase encroachments on her frontiers! All these, and many more, were mean and base attempts to push Mexico from her rights by threatening her with wrongs. It is a maxim of law, that a man shall not profit by his own wrong. Webster was the least excusable, both as a Northern man, and as having declared to de Bocanegra, respecting the "emigrants" to Texas:—"The Government of the United States no longer holds over them the shield of its protection;" and we may add, also, as having undoubtedly written Tyler's proclamation against the sympathizers, denying them beforehand the favour he was doing to Texas conspirators.

By this narrative the following facts and conclusions are established:

1. That our Government attempted to obtain Texas forty years ago, making use, for that purpose, of false pretence and bribery; seeking by the latter to employ the tyrannical predominance of Bonaparte over an unhappy country to rob her.

2. That a succession of military attacks, prepared within our jurisdiction, and tending to the same object, were connived at, and of course encouraged, by our Government; and that these having failed, fraud was resorted to.

3. That the intrigues of our Government overthrew a constitutional administration in Mexico, and set up a military usurper, to be used for their purpose.

4. That finding this ineffectual, and that threatening and exciting disaffection and disturbance in Texas were vain, they at length resorted to bribery, and in their new confidence of success, proposed to include California in the purchase.

5. That a conspiracy was formed in the United States under the patronage of the President, to stir up a civil war in Mexico, for the purpose of dismembering and robbing her, and that money to carry on the conspiracy and the war was abstracted by fraud and embezzlement from the treasury of the United States, with the connivance and collusion of the highest officers of the Government.

6. That recruits, arms, munitions, and money were furnished to the party of the conspiracy in Texas, with every encouragement from our Government, short of an open declaration of war, while at the same time they were making to Mexico the most emphatic professions of friendship. Finally, in violation of our Constitution, the law of national and of solemn treaties, our army was ordered into Texas to sustain the conspirators, at a moment, when it was deemed doubtful whether they could sustain themselves.

7. That the real Texas settlers had no cause of insurrection or discontent, but all the reverse; and with the exception of slaveholders, were anxious for peace and obedience to the parent Government, but were overawed, silenced, and compelled by threat of confiscation and death, to take part with the conspirators.

8. That this long series of atrocities has been committed for the sole purpose of obtaining new slave territory, extending and perpetuating the horrors of Slavery, and the unjust and tyrannical power over the free people of this country, founded thereon. Therefore,—

In dismembering Mexico, and taking Texas into the Union, a robbery has been committed upon a people, liberal and hospitable to our emigrants, and peaceful and friendly toward us, by means far more criminal and disreputable *than conquest by direct and open force*. Both the great political parties having sanctioned it, and the people having acquiesced and received the plunder, are, before God and the whole world, responsible for it.—Their hands are full of spoil, and dripping with innocent blood.

The frauds and violence committed upon our own Constitution, have been as flagrant as those committed upon Mexico.

1. All powers not expressly conferred by the Federal Constitution, are prohibited by it. There is no express power to annex foreign territory, therefore it is prohibited. Jefferson acknowledged this in the most explicit manner, when he annexed Louisiana.

2. A contract between two nations, (which is a *treaty*,) was made by the *legislative* power, because the requisite majority of the *treaty-making* power could not be obtained in favour of the iniquity. Thus the *two-thirds* majority of the Senate, intended as a great State right security, has been annihilated by boasting and nullifying sticklers for State rights!

3. Two Representatives have been admitted from Texas without any enumeration of her inhabitants, and when it was well known that all the votes ever cast on the most exciting, and indeed on revolutionary questions, never equalled those at an ordinary election in a single congressional district of the old Union.

4. The Constitution requires that every Representative in Congress shall have been a citizen of the United States *seven*, and every Senator *nine*, years; but two of each have now been admitted, who had not been so many months citizens of the United States.

It is thus seen that the congressional part of the transaction vies in turpitude with the executive and private. The Whigs had always opposed Annexation in all its phases, but a *Tennessee Whig*, *Milton Brown*, proposed the resolutions of Annexation, and did more by the mere effect of his position, than any member of the Administration party could do to promote the measure. The other Southern Whigs, in both branches, followed suit. Even *Mangum* finally gave his aye, although he had declared to us personally, and in an attitude and tone which seemed sublime, that, "sooner than sanction by his vote this foul and discreditable fraud, he would perish, and his children should say that he died an honest man!" What, by the same token, ought his children to say of him now? How many more such proofs of fidelity in the Southern wing of the Whigs, will it take to make the Northern abandon their mean policy of perpetually deferring to them.

Such were the original merits of the case between the United States and Mexico, and between the slave and free States. But at this time it has assumed a new aspect. Notwithstanding this long series of perfidious and cruel injuries, Mexico, conscious of that weakness which had emboldened the American "chivalry" to inflict them, was still disposed for peace, and indicated a willingness to receive a *Commissioner to treat with her on the subject of Texas*. This fact demonstrates that it was her wish to cede her right to the territory for a pecuniary consideration, in which should be included, as it ought to be, the proper proportion of Texas in the national debt, a portion of which was due to citizens of the United States. Mexico remained quiet, and the commercial and social relations of the two countries continued to be safe and beneficial as before. But James K. Polk, and his counsellors, who are but a continuation of the conspiracy, resolved in the secret and narrow recesses of their souls, that this mission should be a new outrage upon Mexico, and yet wear the appearance of conciliation. Instead of a simple Commissioner to seek how to restore the broken chain of friendship, and remove the cause which had made Mexico cut off diplomatic relations with us, a Minister Plenipotentiary is sent, just as though friendship had not been broken, and she had not withdrawn her Minister from Washington; in utter disregard moreover, of the terms on which she had consented to receive any representative of our Government. Instead of bearing balm for the wound caused by tearing a mem- [illegible] customary *red pepper*. Like his predecessors, he plays the bully well, and does nothing else well. He is refused, on the obvious ground that Mexico only agreed to receive a Commissioner to treat on the subject of Texas. He threatens war, and advises his patrons that "hostile demonstrations would in his opinion be *salutary*." But they did not need to be stimulated to a course which it is very evident was predetermined, when this mission of irritation and defiance—not of conciliation—was sent. In twenty days after the above advice from the diplomatic slave-driver, Polk issues orders to invade Mexico, in other words to make war upon her.

There is no sane man who can give any other interpretation to these orders. The army of Taylor was stationed on the Nueces, and all his letters show that the Mexicans manifested not the slightest disposition to molest him there. He begs the War Department not to listen to any rumours to the contrary, and not to send him any more troops. The *Nueces* had always been treated by the Texans, practically, as their western boundary, though the true boundary and the one to which they themselves *had agreed* in the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas, was considerably farther east, commencing at the *Aransas Pass*, and running to the river *Medina*, and along that river. Our army according to the mean and scandalous system of *edging on* a little where the neighbour is weak, had cantoned itself on the *right*, or western bank of the Nueces. But this, though under the circumstances extremely irritating, and undoubtedly intended to be so, was endured. The territory between this and the Rio Grande consists of parts of the Mexican States of Tamaulipas, Coahuila, Chihuahua, and New Mexico, and is about as large as the whole of Texas. The Texans never had possession of an inch of it, except to be cut up and marched off as prisoners. It was never included in Texas by any geographer, nor on any map, except the fraudulent one constructed by order of John Tyler, to correspond with his treaty, and denounced, together with the treaty, by Benton to the Senate and the nation as a fraud and an outrage upon Mexico, leading necessarily to war. For he said, and said truly, for once, that it assumed to dispose, without her consent, and without consulting her, of a portion of her territory, two thousand miles in length and two hundred in breadth, studded with towns and cities, peopled by an old Mexican population, and never possessed for one moment by the Texans except in their famous marches to *Santa Fé* and *Mier*.

The only semblance of authority for assuming the Rio Grande as the boundary is a resolution of the conspirators' Congress in Texas, who, with characteristic modesty and justice, voted, in 1836, that their land extended to that river. Suppose the Congress of the United States, whose acts, low as it has fallen, certainly do not carry less weight than those of the Texas land-robbers, had passed a resolution ten years ago that ours extended to the river St. Lawrence and to the Russian settlements? This would have been a neat method of settling the North-eastern and Oregon boundary questions! That even James K. Polk and his accomplices did not all at once dare to assume the Rio Grande as the boundary, is evinced by the tremulous orders given to Taylor not to molest any fortress or garrison this side of that river. If the territory was ours, those would and should have been the first and only objects of attack. What! foreign fortresses and forces on American soil, and American soldiers ordered by an American President not to molest them! What did this mean? It meant that the territory was not ours. It meant invasion, war, and a NEW CONQUEST, accompanied by the aggravating circumstance of pretending that it was peace? Taylor marches to the Rio Grande, erects heavy batteries, pointing into the heart of Matamoros, at three hundred yards distance, and directs his "professors of clatter," to ring and rattle in the ears of the Mexican troops and peaceful citizens, every night and morning, a hell of sound, signifying defiance. He blockades the river for the avowed purpose of cutting off the supplies of the troops, and starving them into a retreat. This was a seige, this was war. Why, long before this, while Taylor was on the march, the letters from the army expressed astonishment that the Mexicans *could* see their plantations overrun and spoiled without making any resistance. But when the muzzles of cannon were thrust to their noses, their city blockaded and besieged, they proceeded to meet the foe after giving timely and honourable notice that they would do so, if he did not retire beyond the Nueces.

Can there be a question in the mind of any [illegible] madman, who was the aggressor, leaving the Texan iniquity entirely out of the case?

But there is still stronger grounds against Polk and his abettors. They have uniformly admitted that the question of boundary remains to be settled. Calhoun specially instructed our Chargé in Mexico to say this in the most soothing manner, and that we were prepared to settle it "on the most liberal terms." The wicked resolutions of Annexation said this, and Polk said it in his instructions to Slidell, sent ostensibly for the principal purpose of settling the boundary. Then, in the name of heaven, why did they assume that it was already settled, and fixed at the Rio Grande, and commence, on that assumption, the work of death and destruction, which they are now about? If it was disputed territory, as they admit, they had no right to set a foot upon it. What did we see when the British came in a far more equivocal and less offensive manner upon territory then in dispute? All Maine was in arms, and the tocsin sounded through the land. Nothing but their withdrawal prevented immediate war. Suppose Britain had landed an army in Oregon, encamped in the face of our principal town, raised a battery commanding it, blockaded the river, and stopped trade and the passage of provisions with the avowed purpose of peaceably starving them out, pending the question of the adjustment of the respective rights of the claimants?

In any possible view of the case, James K. Polk, and his vile counsellors and miserable [illegible], were the aggressors, the unprovoked, the deliberate, the self-convicted aggressors. Our Executive alone made the war. Now, according to our poor, trampled, and lacerated Constitution, which fortunately cannot live long in its present agony, Congress has the exclusive power to make war. It has been our chief boast, next to being free, that we could not like the nations of the old world, be involved in the horrors of war, to be butchered and become human butchers at the pleasure or caprice of one man. Congress was in session, and had been in session a month and a half, when Slidell's war letter was received, and the war order issued, but the autocrat did not deign to consult the only war-making power recognized by the Constitution! And yet, O shame, shame, everlasting shame! that base body, when called upon by the autocrat to register his decree, and to father his bloody bastard, and provide for its support, complied without a moment's pause, and without permitting one of the *fourteen Lots*, whom God in his mercy had left us, to be heard! And as if this was not degradation enough, they volunteered to whitewash the black usurper of their most precious prerogative, by solemnly enacting that MEXICO WAS THE AGGRESSOR. No language but Shakspeare's fits.

> "You told a lie, an odious, damned lie,
> Upon my soul a lie, a wicked lie."

A lie to lacker over a new and deadly breach of the Constitution,—a lie to justify robbery, murder, and man-stealing, and to be maintained and swaggered out by a great people, and a christian people staining their hands by deeds of indefinite devastation and death.

Up to that time, the Whigs, as a party, had maintained a degree of integrity, which, though not very absolute, was yet consolatory and hopeful, in view of the lowest pit, for a lower, if such there be in which the Democratic party wallowed, now suddenly abandoned all, and leaped in with them; but, being weightier men, they have sunk deeper. Webster, by a curious fatality, as he was absent at dinner when Texas was recognized, was now absent fly-fishing at Marshfield; but that he might not be behind the madness of the hour, he straightway baits a hook with his youngest son, and throws it out to catch Southern gudgeons. But he will not catch them. [illegible] found only in the Northern. Governor Briggs and Governor Slade, signers of the proclamation of the twenty Whig members of Congress, that the annexation of Texas, in any form, would be such a gross and fatal violation of the Constitution, as to be "in itself a dissolution of the Union,"—where, O where, are ye now? mustering and marching men, (whom Falstaff would not have consented to march anywhere,) to support that unconstitutional act, and a dozen more which are its offspring, and are, if possible, more depraved than their parent. A hypocrite has been defined to be "one who serves the devil without hope of reward." You may drill your drunken ragamuffins, till the resurrection gun fire, and neither you nor they will get any pay. For with a carteblanche to spend as much of our money as they please in extending the area of Slavery, the slavebreeders and flesh-mongers will choose to distribute it among their own ragamuffins, of whom they can muster a plenty, when the question is of plundering rather than fighting. *Your* muster is a farce. There is nothing serious about it except to get you, and the State you dishonour, fully committed to this accursed war. Can you be so narrow spirited, as to think that acts which are the mere incidents of an unconstitutional act, carry not the contagion of unconstitutionality? But the war itself, apart from Annexation, is unconstitutional. It was deliberately made by the Executive tyrant,—by Tiberius,—without consulting Congress, and congressional lying cannot heal the wound. Governor Strong refused to obey the orders of a President for troops, on the comparatively slender ground, that it was unconstitutional to order the militia of Massachusetts into the field without their field officers, and this ground has been fully vindicated even by the present profligate Congress; for in raising fifty-thousand volunteers, they took care, (as they could only be considered as militia,) to leave the officering of the villains to the States. Yet you, Governor Briggs, of *Pittsfield*, (*Pitt* rejoiced, in the seat of a British Peer, that America had resisted, and he himself had resisted, and continued to resist until he expired in that seat,) you, Governor Briggs, of *Berkshire*, destined to be ever a black spot upon Massachusetts, have presumed to proclaim that disobedience to the orders of a usurper for turning out the men of Massachusetts to fight in a war originating, as you have said, in an unconstitutional cause, begun, as you know, in an unconstitutional manner, and prosecuted for an object which you believe in your heart, and in fact proclaimed in your Congressional manifesto, to be most high-handed and heaven-daring—would be nothing less than *perjury* and *treason*! What, Sir, do you make of your noble predecessor, the latchet of whose shoes you are not worthy to unloose,—the stern old patriot of Connecticut river, whose wise, virtuous, and firm guidance of the helm, gave to Massachusetts all the respect you have destroyed? O deplorable hallucination! O wretched country, thou art a mighty Bedlam, and *Cassius Clay*, not the cold-blooded usurper and murderer, who rules thee, is the rightful King.

The manufacturing Whigs and their servile orators and presses are the most to blame. We are yet to meet the first man of them, who does not admit that this war is diabolical, and yet nearly every one of them has silently acquiesced in it, and caused, to the extent of his influence, everybody else to do the same. Nay, worse; in Lowell the masters got up a meeting of their slaves to hurra for it. And why? For no earthly reason that we can gather from them, except that they imagined that the Southern slave-mongers would be too busy a cutting of Mexican throats, to cypher out any sort of a tariff, and would have too much need of money for hiring assassins, to be willing to set the revenue afloat. Can political or private profligacy go farther? Upon the same principle they would rejoice if every man, woman, and child in Mexico were flayed alive, if they could have their skins to plat whips, and sell them at a profit to slave-drivers.

When these unfortunate men were inclining their ears to listen to the siren song of the crafty and filthy little Secretary of the Treasury, about getting them a lot of customers by the Annexation of Texas, they were faithfully warned by Abolitionists that the prime object of the iniquity was to secure to the South political power and supremacy, by which the tariff and every other Northern interest would be made the sport of slaveholding jealousy and tyranny. "Verily they have their reward." No, only a small earnest of it. The *spoliation* veto is another hard little morsel to exercise the ostrich power of the Northern stomach, and the river and harbour veto another. The work goes bravely on. We must say that the slaveholders have shown the only shadow of manhood remaining, so far as can now be discerned, in this degraded nation. It is evident that they might have had the continued support (if indeed they have lost it) of every section and party, if they would have condescended to buy it cheap, very cheap. A pitiful per centage on wool, woollens, iron, and coal, and off of hemp and rags, and a mud machine or two to dredge in lakes or rivers, was the amount of "thrift" which the mean-spirited wretches required "to follow their fawning." The slaveholders adhered consistently to their precepts, though they are devilish, and disdained to purchase the poor creatures, though offered at a price less than they sell slave babies.

But we do not despair. A change will come over this people. Things cannot remain long in their present position. The hideous mass of corruption which has been piled up to cover the huge iniquity of Annexation, will yet reach the senses of the Northern people. They have not yet awaked to the real enormity of what has been passing in our country. This is a sad commentary on self-government, but it is true. Hearing their sentinels cry, "all's well," and their editors shouting, glory, glory! they have turned away to look to their flourishing crops and bountiful harvests. Reflection will yet come like a good angel. The war is not ended, and we have good reason to believe it will not be for years, unless the aggressors back out, of which there is little hope. Polk has asked for two millions to make peace; two millions to be submitted to *his* discretion, citing the lovely precedent of Jefferson's two millions sent to bribe Bonaparte. He could make war, which he had no right to make, without consulting Congress, but to make peace, which he has power to make, he asked the aid of Congress! He cannot do it with money. A little justice will do more towards it than as much gold and silver as he can steal from the mines and churches of Mexico, should he break into them all. The Mexicans hate us intensely and universally, and this sentiment will unite them more and more as the war presses. Yucatan, though in revolt, has already refused our alliance, and General George Washington Dixon, who was to command an allied army there, is in a calaboose at New Orleans! The Mexicans have an element in their character, which the President and his vile counsellors do not understand, and could not take into their calculation, if indeed they have calculated at all the cost of this war—and that is Spanish *patience*. In the Peninsula war, when a bloody victory of Bonaparte or the fall of a great city was announced, the Spaniards only shrugged their shoulders, compressed their lips, and uttered the national word, *Paciencia!* The Mexicans are expert in the Spanish guerrilla warfare, by which great mischief and harassment can be inflicted on an invading enemy, without the expenditure of money, and with comparatively little sacrifice of life. The mountaneous character of the country, and their small and active horses, are favourable to this mode of war. The booty they will get by their rapid movements, and sudden attacks upon convoys, will more than maintain them. But then they will find refreshment and an applauding welcome in every village and hamlet. It costs but a trifle to support the regular army of Mexico, compared with the cost of ours. "The capitalists," said Canning, "are now the captains' captains." On our part, we have to war with the climate, which has already produced more death and distress in our camp than the officials acknowledge. We have got to meet an annual expenditure of a hundred millions, so long as this war shall last. This is to be done by borrowing, or giving Government notes. But this last resource is a slender one, because those notes will depre- [illegible] to the quantity issued. Where shall we borrow enough to maintain those fifty thousand wasteful, dissipated, and disorderly volunteers, to say nothing of the heavy expenses of our regular troops. No doubt the hard-working men, women, and children of the free States, if not cut off from profitable labour by those who demand our earnings, would pay it in two or three generations; but where to borrow money to meet the immediate wants of our masters, that is the question. We do not believe that at the end of two years of this war, the Government will be able to borrow enough to pay the current cost of whiskey and medicine for the volunteers. This nation, in all probability, and according to the best evidence which can now be had, will have, before they again have peace, a debt of *five hundred millions* of dollars. This is sooner or later to come, mainly from Northern pockets, and the same base principle which has induced the manufacturers, and the political *jacks* and jennies to acquiesce, will at no distant day impel them to resist, but without that inestimable capital of high and unsullied character, which Gov. Strong and his great coadjutors bequeathed to them. When they shall sing their *palinode*, the people of the free States will perceive, if they do not sooner, how sordidly and cruelly their rights and character have been compromised; that every blow struck at the property, peace, and independence of Mexico, has been a ten-fold blow struck at their own honour and prosperity; and they will learn at last what they have to do with SLAVERY.—D. L. C.

"Equal Suffrage to Coloured Persons, Yes."

The above is the form of ballot which the law requires shall be used by those who intend voting for coloured suffrage. We only wish, now that the naked question comes before the people of the State, that more time was allowed to act upon public sentiment. As it is, however, much can be done between this and the second Tuesday in November. Our friends everywhere should devote the intervening days in some measure, to this subject. Let them but be as active in electioneering for the restoration of a right to the coloured people, as the politicians of the parties are to get their hands in among the loaves and fishes, and the right may triumph. The question is one of great importance, not only to the people of this State, but of the country, both bond and free. Should it be decided in their favour, it will exercise a most important influence upon the Anti-Slavery cause. A decision by the great State of New-York, that the coloured man is entitled to the same political privileges with the white, cannot fail to make the tyranny of the slave-power tremble, and go far to wipe off the disgraceful black laws from the statute-books of other free States.

This is a question on which we can all vote. Go to work, then, everywhere. Hold meetings; call your neighbours together for discussion; visit other towns for the same purpose; agitate in every way, and much good may be done in the few days allowed. Have your ballots prepared for yourselves and for others, and be active at the polls. If all the friends of equal justice would exert themselves as they ought, New-York would answer in November—EQUAL SUFFRAGE TO COLOURED PERSONS—YES!

"Yankee Doodle."

A new weekly paper has been started in this city with the above title. We copy in the pro-slavery column of this week's *Standard* an article from its first number, as a specimen of its character. In the original it is accompanied with what is meant to be a ridiculous picture of a negro, and which is certainly ridiculous enough, but unlike any one of the coloured race that we ever happened to meet with. It bears a strong resemblance however to the genus, dandy, an animal whose particular use has never been discovered, and which has no other known good quality except that of being white. The picture in question, except in this quality, bears as much resemblance to one of the editors of "Yankee Doodle" as to any coloured man we know.

The paper professes to be the American Punch, and in its outward appearance is an exact copy of its great English prototype. But there the resemblance ceases.—Punch is full of genial wit and hearty humour, but never says a good thing without a good purpose. He is always on the side of humanity, and every laugh of his is a well-aimed blow at some folly or wrong, and is as full of hope as a good man's prayers. But "Yankee Doodle" is not only destitute of wit, but it has not the merit of redeeming vice to relieve its dullness. The only good thing about it is its name, and the only striking characteristic it has of the American is its vulgar and stupid contempt of the coloured people. Here at least it is faithful if not witty, in presenting one side of Jonathan's character.

Its principle editor is reported to be Mr. Foster, assistant editor of the Tribune, and the writer of the "City Items," in that paper. His labours in that department have gained him a reputation of possessing a genius for nonsense in which he is without an equal. The amount of unmitigated and vapid silliness he has crowded into the "Items" column of the Tribune for a year past is altogether unprecedented in the history of newspaper literature. The other editors are a Mr. Smith, of whom we have never before heard, and Mr. Mathews, who is declared by the same authority that pronounces Lowell and Longfellow no poets at all, to be the first poet of America. We are not at all surprised at the result of the joint labours of the trio.

Clerical Wit.

A correspondent of the *Puritan*, says the *New-York Observer*, "referring to the regular efforts of the agitators to get up something at each meeting of the American Board to destroy the devotional spirit of the occasion, suggests the following, that it may be known beforehand, what is to be up for discussion." The *Observer* calls it a "good suggestion:"

"Have not our missionaries to the heathen received some members to their churches who have been guilty of *marrying a deceased wife's sister*; and if so, ought not the Board to adopt immediate measures to have the evil rectified; as many consciences may be thus offended?"

He says: "I suggest it thus early, also, that there may be ample time for looking-up rumours in the case, and preparing the 'memorials.' The question respecting the *marriage of a deceased husband's brother*, may be reserved for a subsequent meeting. One thing at a time."

The questions which have heretofore destroyed the "devotional spirit" of this Christian body are, first, whether a man who persists in holding his fellow-man as a chattel is enough converted from heathenism to be admitted a member of the Church; and the second is, whether he is entitled to the same privilege who still continues to indulge in the luxury of a plurality of wives. Both questions the Board have virtually decided are none of their business. It is not for them to say that such people are not Christians. Judging the orthodox Church by its actual character, we certainly agree with the Board, that it is not entitled to decide how much worse a heathen slaveholder or polygamist is than its own members; but judging it by its professions, it is as much bound to lay down a rule for slaveholding and polygamy as for any other sort of stealing and adultery. The wit of the correspondent of the *Puritan*, and which the *Observer* enjoys so much, is to our dull way of thinking, about on a par with their morality.

The Episcopalians.

We find in a letter to the Albany Evening Journal, the following account of how the Episcopalians at their recent Convention staved off the question for another year:

The committee on the incorporation of churches reported that fourteen new churches had become organized during the year, and recommended their admission. The vote was taken on each separately, and thirteen admitted without objection. The fourteenth was not a new parish, but it presented a new question. This was St. Philips, in this city, (N. Y.) a coloured congregation, which has been organized for eighteen years, but has never before applied that its delegates may have a seat in the annual conventions. The standing committee and committee of the convention, both reported in its favour. But there were soon unmistakable signs that this question was not to pass without a struggle. Mr. Harrison, of Trinity church, said there were certain facts in relation to this church, which seemed to be known to the convention, and he moved a reference to a select committee. (These *facts* I believe, consist in the single particular that Peter Williams, its first coloured clergyman, voluntarily pledged himself to Bishop Hobart, that he would never ask for a seat in the Convention. But as both parties have long since departed this life, it is a mystery to me how this can bind those now in existence.)

Rev. E. M. Johnson, of Brooklyn, opposed the motion to refer, and hoped the church would be admitted. Hon. J. C. Spencer warmly opposed any consideration of the subject, and moved to lay the whole question on the table. Rev. Mr. Kip appealed to him as a personal favour to withdraw the motion for five minutes, in order that he might state a few facts, in favour of the admission of the church. Mr. Spencer declined on the ground that he desired to shut out all discussion of the subject. A vote was then demanded by orders, and the result was as follows:—Of the clergy, 54 voted to lay on the table, and 68 against it. Of the laity, 70 in favour, and 58 opposed. I was pleased with the clerical vote on this motion, and only wished the lay vote had been on the same side.

The motion being lost, Mr. Harrison varied his motion, so as to refer to a committee to report to this Convention, if possible, if not, then to the next. Rev. Mr. Kip moved instructions to report absolutely to this Convention. Mr. Harrison at first, demurred, but the motion being pressed, he assented, and then it was so ordered, *nem. con.* What the report will be, or what will be the result, remains to be seen.

A majority report was made by Mr. Harrison, adverse to the application, and a minority report by Mr. Johnson, and the whole subject referred over to the next Convention.

BOSTON, 14th Oct. 1846.

To the Editor of the Courier.

DEAR SIR:—S. C. Phillips undertook to denounce me as the only person who would advise sending the slave back to New Orleans who stole himself away on board the Ottoman. I do not like to have this imputation put on me, by any one, in an assemblage of three to five thousand persons, and remain silent; as I can safely say I have been almost universally commended for having sent him back, with the exception of fanatics, or rank Abolitionists. As your paper published Mr. Phillips's speech, will you do me the favour to insert my reply to him on the same terms, or charge me as an advertisement?

I am, respectfully,
JNO. H. PEARSON.

BOSTON, 14th Oct. 1846

Hon. S. C. Phillips, Salem:

DEAR SIR:—In your remarks made in Faneuil Hall, on the 24th ultimo, you stated "there was not another merchant in Boston who would have advised or countenanced in sending back the slave who had secreted himself on board the brig Ottoman, and that you considered the act worse than piracy." This is making strong assertions, and I do not like for any person to make such, when I have almost universally been justified by any act or advice I have done or given Capt. Hannum, which was this—On his arrival, he stated that he found secreted on board his vessel, a slave, and unless he was sent back to his owner he could never return to New Orleans, without being imprisoned from two to ten years, and fined the value of the slave. Knowing with what strictness the slave States enforce their laws, in respect to the taking away this species of property, and rather than Capt. Hannum should incur the penalty of a Southern *prison*, I unhesitatingly replied, "I know of no other alternative but to send him back to his owner." He left me to find a vessel to take him back, and I have not seen him from that day to the present. On the day the slave was reported on shore, I was absent from the city, and all the doings since I gather from the papers and street gossip. I only hope he will be *safely returned to his owner*, for I consider the free States have no right to succor the runaway slave, unless you trample the Constitution of the United States under your feet, and make it a dead letter.

What does it amount towards freeing the slaves, to succor the few runaways that may secrete themselves on board our Northern ships, laying the captains liable to imprisonment and our vessels to seizure, to pay for them. There is no philanthropy held out towards our ship-masters who may be innocently caught with a secreted slave; but it is very philanthropic to *steal* the property of our Southern neighbours, and have our white citizens imprisoned in exchange. I do not envy your feelings, to promulgate such a creed. But to return to your remarks, "that I am the only person who would have advised sending the slave back"—if you will do me the favour to be on 'Change, any day, from half-past one to two o'clock, I will take the voice of those assembled, to ascertain if I am the only one. If I mistake not, you will find the response of *five* to *one*, that they *would have done likewise*, *placed in a similar situation*. Until you do this, or make some other demonstration of your error, I shall consider you a *libeller*. I am, respectfully,

JNO. H. PEARSON.

The above letter from John H. Pearson, who has achieved a bad eminence within the last month, we copy from the Boston Courier. We hope that Mr. Phillips will take Pearson at his word and compel the Boston merchants who go on 'Change to show their hands. But we hope against hope that the merchants themselves will volunteer to remove the stain which one of their number has fastened upon them. Surely a body which was once ennobled by the presence of John Hancock have not become such thorough trading machines, as Mr. Pearson represent them. But if they are Shylocks, who look upon human flesh and blood as articles of merchandise, the sooner their character is known the better for them, that some steps may be taken to Christianize them. We trust that Mr. Phillips will not let slip so favourable a chance to effect a radical change in his business brethren, but accept the challenge of Pearson, appoint the hour of high 'Change on one of these fine autumnal days, assume the gown of the advocate like the noble Portia, and bring out these merchants of State street in their true character.—E.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.—Deacon Fisher, of Medway, has kindly left at our office for inspection a few days, a beautiful engraving with the above title, "Christ the Consoler"—which was sent by some friend in England, to be presented to the martyr Torrey in his prison. Our friends across the water little realize the spirit of Slavery, if they suppose such a prisoner would have been allowed by the slaveholders to feast his soul for one moment upon such a picture. It came too late to the victim of hate, but it will be a rich source of comfort to his family and friends. The motto is taken from the Vulgate version, Luke iv. 18—"He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives." Blest Redeemer! he healed Torrey's broken heart, and released him from his bonds, by the message of death.—*Emancipator.*

We are glad to hear of this picture at last, as we happened to know something of the circumstances when it was sent to Torrey. It was not sent to him by some friend in England, as the Emancipator states, but by Mr. Edmond Benzon, of this city, who wished that it might be given to Mr. Torrey, and to go, in case of his death, to his family. Mr. B. has never heard of its fate, and will be surprised to learn that what was meant as a delicate attention to a dying captive, and some consolation to his widow and children, has found its way into the office of the *Emancipator*.

Sister Wilkins.

Our readers, we trust, have not forgotten the good sister Wilkins, the missionary to Africa, who believed that the Almighty was careful that the "Pons" should have a full cargo of slaves, with the ultimate object of filling up her school. We have already recorded how her pupils have all taken to the "bush," and at the last accounts were suspected of having eaten a postman, which story, however, it afterward appeared was not true. Though convinced, as we think she must be, by the bad result of her labours in behalf of the captives of the "Pons," that she was mistaken in ascribing the agency in that affair, that she did, to the Almighty, we find that she still believes herself the immediate object of divine care. We find the following extract from a letter of hers to the Secretary of the New-York Female Missionary Society, published in the Advocate and Journal:

JUNE 17.—I have received the bonnet and other things purchased with Miss Garrettson's ten dollars, or I should think by appearance you must have added to it. I must now thank you again, and express my entire satisfaction and pleasure with the articles. It seems as if you must have known what I wanted, or the Divine Spirit must have directed you: and, with regard to taste, you seem to have known just what would suit me.

Her belief that the Divine Spirit should not only direct the purchase of a bonnet, but see that its shape and trimmings should be in accordance with her taste, is the most remarkable instance of a faith in a special providence of which we ever happened to have heard.

PHONOGRAPHY.—We had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Mr. Boyle on this subject a few evenings since. It was treated both theoretically and practically, and its advantages made manifest to all present. Mr. Boyle is peculiarly well fitted as a teacher of this new science, and imparts his knowledge in an interesting as well as instructive manner. He is about to form a class of coloured persons in this city, and we do not doubt that his success will be as signal here as it has been in Boston. He intends to have an exhibition of this class at the Tabernacle, which will convince the people of New-York of the advantages of Phonography, as well as the aptitude of the coloured people to learn.

NATHANIEL P. ROGERS.—We hear with sorrow of the death of N. P. Rogers, at Concord, on Friday, the 16th instant. Those who knew him in former years cannot, at such a time, fail to remember the power of his uncommon mind, and its rich and varied stores of wit and knowledge which he scattered about him with so lavish a hand. Had he been spared longer, it may be that time would have chased away the mists of error and prejudice with which he has been recently surrounded, and restored him to his old friends. At least we may hope so, while we indulge a natural feeling of sorrow at the death of one whom in former years we had learned to love and honour. Mr. Rogers's age was 52 years.

THE WAR.—The Washington Union states that Major Graham left Washington a few days since with despatches for General Taylor. He is supposed to carry instructions for terminating the temporary cessation of hostilities.

From the tone of the Union it seems probable that the war is to be pursued with rigour. The Washington correspondent of the Tribune, however, says that the Government is somewhat embarrassed in financial matters, and apprehensive of the effect upon the country when it shall be known how great the actual loss was at the taking of Monterey. But the Union says:

We hope by the time that the armistice would have expired of itself, we shall see our triumphant flag flying at Chihuahua, at Saltillo, and if the newspaper speculations are to be believed, perhaps at Vittoria, (the capital of Tamaulipas,) and at Tampico. At all events, we go for action, energy, and success.

The *Charter Oak* thinks the *Standard* notwithstanding "its miserable bigotry and intense uncharitableness, occasionally gets off a good thing." We will return the compliment if we ever get the chance. The *Oak* thinks us bigoted and uncharitable because we do not belong to Liberty party.

LATE FROM MEXICO.—The last intelligence received by various channels, is the appointment of Santa Anna as Commander-in-Chief of the forces, and Almonte as President of the Republic. They are making vigorous measures for the prosecution of the war.

MISPRINT.—In the article in reply to the *Chronotype* in last week's *Standard* an error occured in printing which needs to be corrected. In the sentence "it the letter) was read by a number of the committee," read, "by a member of committee."

MURDER BY COURT MARTIAL.—A correspondent of the Tribune, who dates his letter "off Vera Cruz," gives an account of the execution of a sailor, by name Samuel Jackson, belonging to the sloop-of-war, St. Mary. He was hung at the yard-arm. His crime was *striking an officer*!

WEST INDIES.—We have received a file of the Jamaica Morning Journal, but find nothing in it of much interest. The Sugar question of course creates some excitement.

☞ THE EMANCIPATOR copies half a column from one of R. D. Webb's letters to the Standard, but gives no credit. Will not the editor of the Emancipator ever get rid of his bad habit of pilfering from the American Society?

☞ We were in error last week in stating that Mr. Powell's communications on Coloured Seamen were at an end. He has concluded one branch of the subject, and will take up another next week.

☞ The Whigs have carried Pennsylvania and Ohio by large majorities.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Dublin Correspondent consoleth the reader, with small reason, as he was himself comforted.—He defineth his former position as to the poverty of Ireland.—Contrast between England and Ireland.—Wealth and magnificence of London.—The great storm.—The potato blight.—Cobbett's opinion of potatoes.—Schism among the Repealers.—Old Ireland and Young Ireland.—The Nation newspaper and the trial of O'Connell.—O'Connell and the Whigs.—The Evangelical Alliance.—British Abolitionists bamboozled by the Americans.—Sir Culling Smith's notions as to the Grace of God.—Joshua V. Himes.—Nelson and Stanfield, of Belfast.—Pro-slavery fasting and prayer.—Garrison's success and travels in England.—Meeting at Sheffield.—The Poet Montgomery.—Temperance in Ireland.—Dr. Spratt at Belfast.—Attitude of Protestant and Catholic clergy towards the cause.—Good to be hoped from Garrison's visit to England.—The Broad street Committee.—The old calumnies triumphantly lived down, &c. &c. &c.

DUBLIN, 14th of September, 1846.

MY DEAR GAY:—At one of the many schools that had the honor of my education, there was a boy—a heavy fellow—about to take his departure. None of his schoolmates was particularly interested in the circumstance, [and] he had not the skill to perceive their indifference.—So, as he walked round, blubbering and bidding farewell, he frequently let fall this drop of consolation into their bitter cup: "Boys, you need n't fear—I'll be with you again at the quarterly meeting!" So *you* "need n't fear," for though it is *so* long since you heard from me, here goes to put you out of pain by another letter.

In your caption to one of my late letters, you make me say that Ireland is not so very poor a country, after all that has been said about it. This is not precisely what I meant to imply. I wish your readers to understand that whilst we have a vast amount of poverty, there is also a large proportion of wealth amongst us. We have a continually increasing number of wealthy merchants, rich tradesmen, and prosperous professional men—barristers, attorneys, clergymen, and physicians. We have those who make large investments, who hold their heads high, who fare sumptuously every day, who have grand houses and broad domains—men who have made their own way in the world, and who would rather people forgot that their way had not always been made for them. For many miles on the south side of Dublin in particular—and on other sides too, though not so continuously, the land is occupied by the walled-in country seats of the real or would-be aristocracy of the city.

But I wish it to be distinctly understood, that we have a dreadful mass of poverty and pauperism, of rags and wretchedness, of moral and physical degradation. While taking an excursion some time ago, with a Scotch friend, in the vicinity of Dublin, I was actually ashamed of the number of beggars who assailed us. You would think the country crawled with beggars. This is not universally the case. In the province of Ulster it is less so than in other parts. In the county of Wexford and in some scattered districts, the people are comparatively independent; but *generally*, a deplorable amount of servility and of pauperism prevails amongst the poorer classes, who are lamentably ignorant, superstitious, and void of energy and self-respect

After my recent visit to England, I was struck most forcibly by the distressing contrast that exists between that country and my own. There the great towns exhibit such energy, bustle, and wealth, and such a prevalence of comparative comfort. The country is like a garden, it is so highly cultivated; and from the abundance of trees in the hedge-rows and the boundaries of the fields, it looks like a continuous forest, with little intermission, from Liverpool to London—a distance of more than 200 miles. There are, however no stumps to be seen—nothing that would invite the wandering steps of a *stump orator*—and little to remind an American of his own (or the Indians') vast primeval forests. When I speak of woods, I beg to be understood in a Pickwickian, not a trans-Atlantic sense. Much depends on the sense in which we are understood. It is not easy for a man to be understood by any one in the precise sense he wishes, unless it be by himself; and even this would, I suppose, be sometimes found to be a difficult matter. However, to avoid the confines of metaphysics—for there I should certainly go astray—the plain fact is, that Ireland is as different from England as chalk is from cheese. Here, as a general thing, (I am forever obliged to qualify,) the land is bare of trees for miles together—they are few and thinly scattered—they are small and poor looking, like the poor people whose cabins they overshadow. The land is mostly fertile, but it looks almost as shabby and stripped as poor Paddy himself On the contrary, in Liverpool and Manchester, but above all, (and beyond all comparison,) in London, you are overpowered by the sense of the wealth, the strength, the magnificence of the English people. When you know that within a circuit of thirty miles, there are about two millions of human beings and that this is the seat and centre of such stupendous power, enterprise and riches, that the remotest parts of the globe feel its influence, you are overwhelmed with amazement at its grandeur. No; you *are* not, but I certainly have been, and I suppose shall often be again.—Nothing can be more unlike poor Ireland, with our rags, our poverty, and our comparative, (always comparative, mind) apathy. "A better day is coming," I hope and believe; but it is tedious to witness how slowly and how faintly the few streaks shoot forth that herald the dawn.

Whilst I was in Liverpool, just six weeks ago, previously to going up to London, we had a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning and rain—such as we never see in Ireland, for our climate is free from those extremes of heat and cold, and other atmospheric changes, in which England more resembles the continent of Europe. This storm, accompanied by hailstones of prodigious power and fatal hardness, visited London at the same time, and made fearful havoc on the skylights and windows. Many thousand dollars worth of glass was destroyed, and some people were ruined in consequence.—You have probably—of course you have—already heard of this fearful smashing of panes, the greatest ever known. It made London, for some days, a paradise for glaziers. But the reason of my mentioning it was to say, that on the same night that it occurred, a much more terrible calamity took place in Ireland—I mean the potato-blight which swept all Ireland "from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from the Connemara to the Hill of Houth," destroying millions of pounds' worth of potatoes and covering tens of thousands of acres with blackened stalks, as dark and dismal looking as dried tobacco leaves. I have heard of no exceptions to the universality of this destruction. I mean I have heard of no *field* that has escaped it. Some of the *potatoes* have, but only a very small proportion. An extensive farmer told me that last year the crop was so large that, notwithstanding the partial destruction, the average supply was perhaps fully equal to that of former years; but this year, he thinks that whilst the crop was not as great as usual, fully three-fourths of it have been destroyed. It is hard to predict what the result will be to the people.

William Cobbett, the distinguished political writer, and one of the raciest, queerist, most sagacious, most egotistical, most unprincipled and funniest writers that ever took pen in hand [the verb is a long way here from the nominative case.] well,—he used to say that potatoes were the curse of the Irish people, and that they would never have prudence, self-reliance, or independence till the root became so rare as to be only cultivated in hot houses. His diatribes are often quoted now; and some think it likely enough not only that the potato may disappear altogether from the country, but that it would be no great loss if it did. It is a fact that in the poorer parts of Ireland the peasantry—don't be offended, for they are *peasantry* and most unlike your New England *people*—not a bit like James N. Buffum—the peasantry are contented, and think themselves very well off if they are sure of three, or even two, meals of potatoes per day all the year round. A grain of salt is a valuable relish—a salt fish, now and then, a luxury—and *a male of mate* a thing to be hardly thought of, except perhaps at Easter and Christmas. This being the case, and their idea of household furniture being as scanty and as primitive as possible, it is easy to set up housekeeping, and if a man marry, he can hardly be worse off with any quantity of children than his ancestors have been before him for many generations. A spirit of recklessness and an absence of self-respect and honourable ambition are thus generated that have had a degrading effect upon the character of those who have been subjected to all this misery and poverty. If our poor people were dependent on a higher species of food, they would be obliged to exert themselves more to obtain it, and there would be *less* encouragement for the reckless marriages and improvident habits that now prevail to such a lamentable and debasing extent.

I don't know whether you feel any interest in the question of Repeal—for it can hardly be called a movement—any more than in the hour-hand of a watch or the leg of a tortoise. A great schism has taken place lately amongst the Repealers, between Old Ireland and Young Ireland, or in plain English, between O'Connell and (with the single exception of himself) the ablest, most energetic, and most earnest advocates of repeal.—As to the two last epithets I should not except even O'Connell—for it is on a matter touching the consistent prosecution of the cause that he is on the side of expediency, and his youthful opponents on that of principle. "Old Ireland," in its technical meaning, includes O'Connell and all who swear by him through thick and thin—including the Roman Catholic clergy (with a few exceptions) who "go the whole hog" with him so long as he—and this he appears to do most cordially and cheerfully—"goes the whole hog" with the Church. This phrase is not very elegant I know—it is not to be found in the pages of Addison, but it is expressive, and will be appreciated and comprehended throughout Yankeedom. Young Ireland, on the other hand, could all go, as was once said of them, in a *cab!* They are a handful of young, intellectual, ardent, hot-blooded, high-spirited fellows—who have just come from college. They are full of enthusiasm for Ireland, and long to see her independent of England, her own flag waving to the breeze, fighting her own battles, cutting throats in her own behalf, and cutting a figure among the nations of the earth. Nationality—nationality, is the watchword for Young Ireland. The Nation newspaper is their mouth-piece, and a powerful trumpet they have made of it. It is filled with flashing and energetic rhodomontade, much like what is common in your own political papers. Young Ireland is a brilliant poet, and some of the most stirring lyrics in the language come from his fiery heart. He longs to educate the people in a way of his own—to cram our memory with thoughts of vengeance against England, and to fill our minds with such a spirit of darling self-importance as shall set us swaggering through the world. Through their instrumentality many Irish battles, Irish bards, and Irish glories have been raked up from the bed of Lethe. They are for Repeal, and no compromise, and the heart of a great proportion of the people is with them. They have a way about them that takes with Irishmen. They are hearty and above board—they are gentlemen, and talk genteelly. They are literary without pedantry. They are glowing. No coldness, no half-heartedness about them.

In the great Repeal year of 1843—the year of the monster meetings, the Nation newspaper was a prominent instrumentality in the excitement, and from its pages were drawn much of the inflammatory prose and rhyme on which the prosecution of O'Connell and his six fellow traversers was founded. Treason means in the United States as I have been informed, rebellion, bona fide insurrection against the Government. Here it extends to language inciting to rebellion—having a tendency to bring the Government into hatred and disrepute. Well, sure enough the Nation was full of this kind of treason—and by the old laws of constructive conspiracy which the lawyers brought to bear at that time, all the men who joined the Repeal Association were liable to brought in as guilty of the acts of all the rest. And O'Connell was condemned in the same breath with the editor of the Nation. He had spoken at many of the monster meetings, very fiery things for so old and so cautious a man—but the writers in the Nation left him far behind in magniloquence and rashness. I never heard that he rebuked them at the time—yet I imagine that but for them he would never have been prosecuted and convicted, or imprisoned. The masses of the Irish people are as inflammable as the fuel in a furnace, and the Nation proved a tremendous bellows, and roused them into a roaring flame. The result was that Sir Robert Peel was frightened, and O'Connell was actually for some months within the four stone walls of a great high jail. The first night he was in prison I slept very badly—for I don't like to see a chained eagle. I never liked to contemplate Napoleon on St. Helena, though I detest his crimes—and although I am not a repealer, it was galling to reflect that the political Samson, the idol of the Irish millions, who, with the craft of more than three hundred foxes had eluded so many snares, was at length in the power of his triumphant enemy. I hate to see a great man down—for he is a great man. He has stood well by the slave.

On the recent return of the Whig Ministry to power and the retirement of O'Connell's political enemy and prosecutor, Sir Robert Peel, King Dan returned to power too—I mean he became a sort of unrecognized member of the ministry—his *will* was consulted—and his wishes on many points obeyed—on the condition of his giving his support to Lord John Russell and his friends. The new Ministers having accepted office under Government, had to vacate their seats in the House of Commons and submit to run the gauntlet of a new election. One of the subordinates in the Government was the celebrated orator, O'Connell's rival in the agitation for Catholic Emancipation, Richard Lalor Sheil. He was the Whig member for the borough of Dungarvan, and was no repealer. He was offered for re-election. The people would rather have had a repealer. The Nation said, "Now is the time to stand to our colours. Let us throw out Sheil unless he will declare himself a repealer, and we shall by this stroke convince the government and people of England that we are in earnest." But Daniel stood by his understood compact—he gave the word—and Shiel was returned almost without a breath of opposition in Dungarvan. Such is the power of O'Connell. He based this course on the necessity of *not* embarassing a Ministry friendly to Ireland—that it was better to get what we could from them—keeping our eye still upon repeal as the final and only panacea for Irish ills. "The Nation" was so noisy and so indignant at this lowering of the Repeal Standard, that O'Connell was irritated by the unwonted opposition to his views in the association; and he turned upon the chief members of the Young Ireland party for their physical force views—their repeated advocacy of the doctrine that in certain extremities of oppression, it would be right to vindicate our liberties by a resort to arms. The end of the matter was the summary and somewhat tyrannical expulsion of the Young Irelanders. They have managed to enlist a good deal of sympathy, which has had the effect of putting O'Connell in a false position, and bringing the association into some disrepute with the more ardent and enthusiastic of the repealers. In fact O'Connell's profession of any very hearty abhorrence of a resort to arms is ridiculous—for he has repeatedly declared that if Ireland had her rights, by which he means a Parliament of her own, she would always be willing to support the military power of England. He has praised the achievements of Irishmen in some of England's most unjustifiable, most mean, cruel, and wicked wars—in the invasion of Affghanistan and her butchery of the Chinese. If no revolution in favor of liberty was ever worth the spilling of a drop of blood—as he has often declared—(and as, in its metaphorical sense, I believe to be true,) how much more wicked is it to aid in spilling oceans of blood in wars of rapine and aggression.

Since I wrote to you last, the Evangelical Alliance commenced and concluded its session. Although it included among its members John Angell James, Doctor Wardlow, John Husard Hinton, and many of the most eminent British clerical Abolitionists (all in sympathy with the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,) it has made itself the laughing stock of the country for its compromise of principle to please the pro-slavery American ministers. These men deserve the thanks of the South. They shuffled, they objected, they cavilled, they canted, they prayed, and they succeeded in completely bamboozling the Alliance into the withdrawal of the resolution of their preparatory committee at Birmingham, against the admission of slaveholders. Patton, Cox, and Kirk, with Smythe, of South Carolina, acquitted themselves gallantly.

Hinton introduced the subject of the exclusion of slaveholders with great spirit and faithfulness, and was well supported by Dr. Wardlaw, Nelson of Belfast, and Joshua V. Himes. But the mass of ignorance was so great in the Alliance, and the strength of American pro-slavery cant so powerful, and its impudence so intense, that the slaveholders had the day to themselves. I have no doubt that the result will be to disgrace all who had any part in this base concession, and to disgust the people with their blind leaders. It is of a piece with all the clerical manifestations we have seen in reference to American Slavery. The priestly advocates of that infernal system pull a long face, and straightway all their straight-coated brethren are convinced they are such very good men!

Whilst the discussion went on, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, the President of the Alliance, (who must be a very silly body) "called the attention of the audience to the silence and calmness manifested by the American brethren, and expressed his admiration of the grace of God in enabling them to listen to remarks which must have cut them to the heart's core, with so much Christian meekness!" Now, I ask you, Oh, Gay! did you ever see anything so *jolly green?* Surely, if they were "cut to the heart's core" by sentiments of abhorrence of Christian slaveholders, their silence and calmness should be attributed to something else than the grace of God. A queer idea of Christianity those English pastors must have which could make them comfortable in such company. Wolves in sheep's clothing they don't so much mind, so long as they keep on their clothes. Their chief testimony is against false doctrine. If James Haughton had slipped in among them with his honest face (and his heretic tenets—he is a Unitarian) I suppose they would have exploded like three hundred and sixty-five bombshells. Such is the mighty power of humbug?

Joshua V. Himes is a fine fellow—a true man—he bore his testimony faithfully and uncompromisingly to the course of the American Society, and to Garrison's fidelity to the cause of the slave. I was the more delighted with his course because I knew that Garrison had not treated the views of the second advent people with much ceremony. Magnanimity is a jewel—and so is Joshua V. Himes. Being accused in the Patriot newspaper (of course at the instigation of some of those poor creatures Cox, Patton, or Kirk) of being a fanatical, out-and-out, Abolitionist, he defended himself in unanswerable style, without harshness or hardness, but in a way that must have bothered his false brethren exceedingly. He merely justified his assertions and his opinions, by quoting the sayings of Kirk and Cox themselves, in the year 1835, and these you know, were strong enough to satisfy any Abolitionist.

I think it likely the Alliance will get a severe handling for their paltry course, and that the chicanery of the minions of Calhoun and McDuffie will, in the end, redound to the glory of truth and humanity, and the confusion of those clergy who gave up the cause of God's poor in so dastardly a manner. Nelson and Stanfield, Belfast, the former a Presbyterian minister, quitted themselves like men, and stood valiantly for the slave. Both these gentlemen are zealous and intelligent member of the Anti-Slavery Society in the metropolis of the north of Ireland. Douglass was warmly taken by the hand by them, and through their support and assistance, his visit to Belfast was made of great use "in the spread of truth."

I must not omit to say that the American pro-slavery ministry played, during the sittings of the Alliance, one trick to which they are well accustomed at home. It was attended with eminent success. I mean that they "sprung a prayer." It happened on this wise. One of the sessions which had been well warmed by the discussion of the question, came to an end—and people must dine. So thought John Bull—and he went to dinner. During the feast, another very palpable query arose—it was, what had become of Brother Jonathan! And to John's shame, he discovered that while he was attending to creature comforts, Jonathan had gone to prayer, and was spending in spiritual exercises the time devoted by his elder brother, to beef and mutton. I have no doubt, this season of prayer greatly tended to convince the English members of the prudence and piety of the pro-slavery stand made by Patton, Cox, Kirk, & Co. not forgetting Brother Smythe, the Hibernio—South—Carolinian slaveholder, who, not two months ago, was obliged to apologize most humbly to Frederick Douglass for having circulated false and wicked calumnies respecting him. Think of John Angell James, in full communion with such a degraded wretch! I have good reason for believing that the members of the Alliance have not heard the last of their miserable truckling to the slaveholders.—They have cried peace, peace, where there was no peace. Last Monday evening a meeting was to have been held in Exeter Hall, London, in which Garrison, Thompson, and Douglass were to expose the deep damnation of endeavouring to conciliate a pro-slavery ministry. You will probably receive the report along with this letter.

I have no doubt that Garrison's visit will be of great value to the cause in this country,—I mean in the three kingdoms—for in a general way, Paddy don't like to be hundled up with Sandy and Johnny. He likes, with the Young Irelanders, to have it believed he is somebody when standing alone. He has attended a great many public meetings in London, and has been most cordially received. He has also been at Bristol, Plymouth, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield. I will give you an extract from a letter I had from the last place, two days ago, from the honest man himself. "I did not anticipate either a large or a spirited meeting here, for I was quite weary in body, and Frederick Douglass, who had just arrived from Newcastle, still more so. Besides, I was told that Sheffield was a place that at no time had manifested an Anti-Slavery spirit, during the struggle for West Indian emancipation;—and, moreover, there happened to be that evening, a concert, given by Grisi, Lablache, &c. which put a formidable rival into the field against us, at least as affecting certain classes. But, to the result. The Friends' spacious meeting-house was crowded to overflowing—the aisles deeply filled by persons standing from seven till eleven o'clock—and hundreds unable to gain admittance. It was a most animating spectacle, and a more delightful meeting I have not yet seen in England. Everything went off very happily. Edward Smith (a wealthy and philanthropic Quaker) was in the chair, and spoke very kindly in regard to Frederick and myself. James Montgomery, the poet, was present and was evidently most deeply affected. I made a direct appeal to him in my speech, to write a poetical effusion, expressly with reference to American Slavery—and the audience applauded '*to* the echo.' He is at present in poor health, but I trust he will act upon the hint I gave him." If prudence permitted, I could enjoy no greater pleasure than in accompanying Garrison in his present tour. But it is pleasant to think that he is within reach of *the penny-post*.

I will now relate a circumstance in connection with the progress of temperance in a *hitherto* unreached district of Ireland, which I am sure will gratify you: Dr. Spratt, an Augustinian friar, with the help of James Haughton, has been of immense service in supporting and extending the temperance cause in Dublin. He has just returned from a visit to Belfast, where he gave the pledge to probably five thousand persons. This visit is a most cheering proof of the respect in which the temperance cause is held, since the north of Ireland is full of Orangemen, a species of rabid Protestants, to whom a Romish priest is an abomination. Yet Spratt was specially invited to Belfast by [some of] the most respectable inhabitants of the town. [He was] received with respect and acclamation, and as I [have] said, the success of his mission was signally great. One Unitarian and one Methodist minister only, gave him their assistance and countenance. All the rest of the Protestant clergy absented themselves—and so did the Catholic Bishop and his priests. Father Matthew, who is a true son of the Church, never goes into any district except with the sanction; and on the invitation of the Catholic Bishop of the diocese. He has never been invited to Belfast, for Dr. Denvar, as well as many of the other Irish Bishops, is unfavourable to teetotalism. Spratt went on the invitation of the laity, and independent of the priests, and was probably all the better received. His success is a very remarkable proof of the force of personal character, and a devoted life, to overcome the most intense prejudice. He is indefatigable in holding open-air meetings in and near Dublin, and Dublin is, in respect to temperance, perhaps the most remarkable city in the three kingdoms.

I will conclude this already unreasonably long letter [when I begin, I find it difficult to stop] by saying that I think one result of Garrison's visit will be that a more cordial, more intelligent, more active, and independent Anti-Slavery spirit will be elicited than has hitherto existed in England. Hitherto the cause has been in the hands of the servants of the Committee at No. 27, New Broad street. The Society have only had to read the Anti-Slavery Reporter, and to hand out the cash. This latter they have done very liberally, but the Reporter is no clarion, and money will not supply the place of an intense sense of the wickedness and folly of Slavery, or of an earnest and intelligent zeal for its overthrow. The religious and political bearings of the Anti-Slavery cause are not half nor quarter understood. The churches must be shown their duty, their short-comings, their danger in this matter. All who have hearts and consciences must be shown how glorious, how noble a field of labour is before them, in rescuing the sacred names of Christianity and Liberty (not sect and party) from the opprobrium that the slaveholder and his guiltier clerical abettor is bringing upon them. The labourers are to be found, and they are continually appearing where we least hope for and expect them. The cruel and wicked calumnies circulated by members of the British and Foreign Committee, against Garrison and his friends, are clearing away as the truth is made known, and will probably redound on the heads of their promulgators. I never saw the man who can more easily afford to scorn the poisoned darts of bigotry and envy than Garrison—never one more suited to win the affection and veneration of any unprejudiced lover of truth and moral heroism.

So my friend John A. Collins has turned another summerset. John A. Collins a member of a pro-slavery Church and a pro-slavery party. In his flight from the Ark of Freedom he has lighted on a strange resting place. But if he be honest, as I believe him to be in all his impulses, he will come right again.

RICHARD D. WEBB.

To Correspondents.

N. W. of P. The paper has been sent for some time to his brother, in H. The mistake he mentions is corrected. It was not ours, however, as the paper has been sent according to orders.

P. A. C. shall have, we hope, a satisfactory answer in a few days.

A. P. Too late for this week. Shall appear next.

S. B. A box has gone via Columbus. He will find a letter at Salem.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Slaver; Lyrics of Life—A Sunday. *Miscellany:* Lake and Mountain Holidays; The Tables Turned; George Wilson; A Peculiarly Rich Correspondence; The Potato Disease; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* The Fall Style—Direct from London. *Selections:* American Slavery; Western Virginia; The Evangelical Alliance and American Slavery; Disunionists Paying Taxes: Frederick Douglass and Mr. Armstrong. *Communications:* Free Labour Goods; Statistics of Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition.

Married.

In Brookline, 8th instant, by Rev. Thomas Worcester, Mr ROBERT CARTER, of Cambridge, to Miss ANN AUGUSTA GRAY, of Brookline.

At Cincinnati, on Friday morning, October 9th, by the Rev. C. G. Feaner, FRANK DONALDSON to ANNA GUILFORD, daughter of N. Guilford, publisher of the Cincinnati Atlas.

In Roxbury, October 13th, by the Rev. Mr. Putnam, WILLIAM SOHIER, Esq. to SUSAN, daughter of John A Lowell, Esq.

In Salem, 7th instant, by Rev. Theodore Parker, Mr. HENRY P. TRASK, of Boston, to Miss MARY P. KENNY, daughter of Jonathan Kenny, of Salem.

In New Bedford, October 13th, OZIAS G. CHAPMAN, Esq. of Boston, to Miss ELIZABETH RUSSELL, of N. B.

In Boston, October 14th, Dr. GEORGE H. LYMAN to Miss MARIA C. R. AUSTIN, only daughter of Hon. James T. Austin.

Died.

In Hingham, Mass. Monday, 12th inst. Mrs. FRANCES WINSLOW, widow of the late Dr. Winslow, of Marshfield, aged 84 years.

In Utica, on the 15th instant, Hon. HENRY HUNTINGTON.

At Washington, D. C. 13th instant, Rt. Hon. HENRY S. Fox, late her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Government of the United States.

In Cincinnati, Mrs. SHOAT, a daughter of the late President Harrison.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Kidnapping.—The Prairieville (Wiskonsan) Freeman gives the following:—A case of kidnapping, which is said to have occurred in the Western portion of our territory last spring, has recently been suggested to our attention. The particulars given show the case to be one of a most aggravated character. We give the following extract from a letter on the subject, omitting the names of the parties until the facts be fully ascertained: "Mr. ———, now residing near Galena, had a coloured girl in his service. Mr. ———'s son had clandestine intercourse with the girl. Last Spring, the girl being near her confinement, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. ——— on a *pretended* visit to Missouri, where they sold the said girl into Slavery for four hundred dollars!

Novel Experiment.—We understand that Dr. Morton, at the invitation of Dr. Heywood, of the McLean-st. Hospital, administered his preparation to produce sleep, yesterday morning to a man who had a tumour extracted from his neck. Our informant, who conversed with one of the physicians who witnessed the operation, states that the man after inhaling the preparation for a few moments, was lost in sleep, giving no symptoms of suffering, while Dr. Warren was extricating the tumour. He was totally unconscious of what was going on, till near the close of the operation, (which lasted longer than usual,) when he drew a long sigh. The unconscious state in which the man was, afforded the surgeon an opportunity to perform the operation expeditiously, uninterrupted by any struggle or shrinking of the patient.—*Boston Transcript.*

News from C. M. Clay.—The Lexington Observer of the 14th instant says: A most painful rumour prevailed in our city on Sunday last. Letters were received from some of the volunteers in Col. Marshall's regiment the night before, stating that Capt. C. M. Clay had left the camp, in company with a man by the name of Kendall, for the purpose of taking a Buffalo hunt in the "Camanche range," and had not been heard of for twenty-one days. The inference was that they must have been killed by the Indians, and to strengthen that inference, it was stated that the dead bodies of two men answering to the description of Clay and Kendall had been found.—The apprehensions of Mr. Clay's relatives and friends, however, were relieved during the day by another letter received by the same mail from one of the volunteers to his father, in which he stated in a postscript to his letter that Capt. Clay had just arrived in camp, bringing with him an order from Gen. Wool, at San Antonio, to Col. Marshall, directing Captains Clay and Pennington's companies to be detailed from his regiment, and under the command of Major John P. Gaines, to be marched to San Antonio, to be united with his (Wool's) command. It is stated that the two companies above referred to, with two companies from Tennessee, and another company (perhaps Capt. Williams's, of Clarke,) are to form a battillion, to be under the command of Maj. Gaines, and to be attached to the division under Gen. Wool. This was the "Buffalo Hunt" of Captain Clay.

An anti-war Convention is to be held at Marlborough, Stark county, Ohio, on the 28th and 29th instant.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from October 12, to October 19, 1846.

Daniel Ricketson, New Bedford, Mass.	$2 00	
John H. Barker, Peru, N. Y.	1 00	
Thomas B. Freeman, Ann Arbour, Mich.	3 00	
W. M. Davidson, Calcutta, Ohio,	1 00	
James Furguson, "	1 00	
Samuel Mayes, "	1 00	
Robert B. Stewart, Wellesville, Ohio,	1 00	
Charles B. Needham, Castile, N. Y.	1 00	
Moses Belden, "	1 00	
Solomon Gaines, "	1 00	
Ziba Hurd, "	1 00	
Dr. Huntington, "	1 00	
J. P. Cook, "	1 00	
J. G. Pierce, "	1 00	
J. W. Cady, "	1 00	
John W. Perrey, Weathsfield Springs, N.Y.	1 00	
John Vallar, Silver Creek, "	1 00	
Wm. C Johnson, Hermitage, "	1 00	
Jefferson Wesfield, Cuylersville, "	1 00	
David Murray, " "	1 00	
Alexander McDonel " "	1 00	
Seth Mitchell, Nantucket, Mass.	4 62	
Dr. C. F. Winslow, "	5 00	
George H. Folger, "	4 00	
Tabor Barker, Somerset, N. Y.	1 00	
Isaac Jacobs, jr. Kings' Ferry, N. Y.	1 00	
Asa Crocker, " "	1 00	
A Avery, Ledyard, "	1 00	
Henry Chase, jr. King's Ferry, "	1 00	
		42 62
DONATIONS.		
Matthias Hutchinson, Kings' Ferry,	10 00	
A friend,	50	
		10.50
Total Amount,		$53.12

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

REMOVAL.

The A. S. Office at Boston is removed to 21 Cornhill, up stairs, two doors below the old stand; where all communications intended for the Liberator, should be directed.

NORFOLK COUNTY.

The meeting of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Quincy, on the 4th and 5th of November.

BRISTOL COUNTY.

A great Anti-Slavery Convention is to take place at New Bedford, on the 14th and 15th of November, next, at which it is proposed to revive the old Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society.

CIRCULAR—CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the "New-York State Society for the Abolition of the Death Penalty," was held on Wednesday, the 14th inst.

The Committee would respectfully recommend to the friends of the cause throughout the State:

1. That a public meeting for the discussion of the subject be held on Friday evening, the 20th of November next, in every city and town, and a society organized, where it is practicable.

2. That the subject be introduced for discussion into the various debating societies of our towns and villages.

3. That the editors of the different newspapers in the State be requested to open their columns to the discussion of the subject.

4. That petitions to the Legislature be prepared and sent in at as early a period of the session as possible.

5. That "Burleigh's Thoughts on the Death Penalty," and other kindred works, be extensively circulated.

6 That lectures on the subject be given at stated periods during the coming winter, and that the aid of clergymen and public speakers generally be invoked in this measure.

MIDDLESEX.

A meeting of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Stoneham, on Wednesday, October 28th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

As this will be the first meeting of the society since the fall of 1844, the members and friends are expected to make extraordinary exertions to attend it.

The Secretary is requested to bring the records.

Caleb Stetson, Parker Pillsbury, and Loring Moody, will be present. Wendell Phillips is also expected. If those who come from abroad, will make a pic nic of this meeting, so far as to furnish their own refreshments, which they may easily take with them in their baskets, our friends in Stoneham will be spared much trouble and expense.

WM. A. WHITE, Pres.

WYOMING COUNTY.

Meetings for William W. Brown, the eloquent fugitive slave, will be held, at

Bennington,	Thursday,	October	8
Orangeville,	Friday,	"	23
Attica Centre,	Saturday,	"	24
Attica,	Sunday,	"	25
WYOMING COUNTY.			
Hermitage,	Monday,	Oct.	26
Gainesville,	Tuesday,	"	27
Perry Centre,	Wednesday,	"	28
LIVINGSTON.			
Cuylerville,	Thursday,	"	29
Moscow,	Friday,	"	30
Genesee,	Saturday,	"	31

All of the above meetings commence at 7 o'clock, P. M. Friends of the slave in the different localities are requested to make early arrangements for the meetings, and to give extensive notice.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
Gen'l. Ag't. for New-York State

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND and J. C. HATHAWAY will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows—
Lansingville, Friday, October 16, at 6 1-2 o'clock, p. m.
Ludlowville, Saturday, October 17, " "
" Sunday, October 18, at 2 and 6 1-2 o'clock, p. m.
Rushville, Friday, October 23, at half-past 6, p. m.
" Saturday, Oct. 24, through the day and evening.
Canandagua, Sunday, October 25, at half-past 6, p. m.

C. L. Remond will lecture in—
Syracuse, Wednesday, October 28, at half-past 6, p. m.
Lenox, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, Friday, October 30, at half-past 6, p. m.

Will the friends in these places make arrangements for the meetings.

AGENTS.

The agents of the American and Western Anti-Slavery Societies, now engaged in this field, beside our friends Foster, who are about to leave, are:

VALENTINE NICHOLSON,
JOEL P. DAVIS,
ASA PRATT,
EDWARD P. BASSETT,
HENRY H. HATCH,
LEANDER HATCH,
SAMUEL T. CREIGHTON.

The first three are agents of the American Society, and their present field of labour is Southwestern Ohio and Eastern Indiana—the last four are agents of the Western Society, and their field of operations for the present is Northern Ohio.

Samuel Brooks, General Agent of the Western Society, and also of the American for the West.

We have the pleasure also of announcing that the Rev. Edw. C. Fuller, of Cuyahoga county, will enter the field as a lecturing agent the 1st of November.

We hope soon that the cause will have the benefit of the labours of Jere. B. Sanderson, of Lynn, Mass, also of two others of this State, who propose to engage ere long in the holy enterprise of preaching deliverance to the captive.

Chas. Ferrel is obtaining subscribers for the Bugle, and also lecturing with the approbation of the Western Society.—*Bugle.*

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association will be held in Philadelphia, on the 20th of 10th month, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

All persons interested in the principles of the Society are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, *President.*
SARAH PUGH, *Secretary.*

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

"Blessed ones! whom none on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth;
Ye whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those, for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
Hope may paint no brighter morrow."

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only get good by doing good,—that we can only *truly* receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who hold to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grain, and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the mechanics for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various handicrafts can furnish. The merchant for simple and fancy stuffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Don't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearth-stones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow labourers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, " "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth G. Curtis, "

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

Although the meetings of this association have been for a time suspended, yet it is believed that the friends of the enslaved have not lost sight of the object for which it was organized. The persevering efforts of individuals in the West, and the associated action in some of the eastern commercial cities, with a view to multiply facilities for ensuring more adequate supplies of goods, &c. not contaminated by slave labour, or produced by oppression, it is believed clearly indicate the propriety of calling a meeting of the "Free Produce Association of the West."

The friends of the slave, and advocates of abstinence from the use of slave-grown produce, are respectfully called to meet in convention at Salem, Union county, Ia. on the 28th of 10th month (October) next.

WM. BEARD, President.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1846.	a 3 87½
Pearl	a 4.50
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	25 a 27
Stearic do.	a
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	7.75 a .
Newcastle	6 25 a 7.00
Scotch	6 00 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6 50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00 a 6 00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	9½ a 11
Sumatra	7½ a 7¾
Porto Rico	a
Laguayra	7½ a 8
Cuba	a
Brazil	6½ a 7½
St. Domingo	6 a 6½
COTTON.	
New Orleans	6½ a 9¾
Alabama	6¼ a 9¾
Florida	6½ a 8½
Upland	6 a 7½
Upland, fair	7½ a 8¼
Upland, good and fair	8½ a 9¼
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4	4 a 5
do. do. 7-8	5½ a 6½
do. bleached	5 a 7
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6½ a 8
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	6 a 10
Plaids	9 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinets	26 a 60
Checks 4-4	8 a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	14 a 15
do. 14 a 19	18 a 20
do. 20 a 23	22 a 23
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	2½ a 2¾
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.45 a 1.50
Copperas	1 a 1½
Gum Myrrh, E.Indies,	8 a 11
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25 a 35
Madder, Dutch	6 a 12
Oil of Anis	1.40 a 1.45
castor, gall.	57½ a .60
Tartaric acid, lb.	30 a 31
Verdigris	17 a 22
Vitriol, blue	a 7½
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	18.00 a 25.00
Camwood	61.50 a 65.00
Fustic, Cuba	30.00 a 31.00
do. Tampico	22.00 a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	22.00 a 25.00
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	12 a 25
do. American	28 a 32
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.50 a 2.80
Dry scale	1.50 a 1.56
Pickled, bbl.	3.25 a 3.37½
do. salmon,	13.50 a 14.00
Smoked do. lb.	.8 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	9.75 a 10.00
do. No. 2	8.00 a 9.50
do. No. 3	4.87½ a 0.00
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	4.37½ a 4.50
Backsp't. bbl.	a .
Mass. do.	a .
Herring, pickled	3.25 a 3 25
do. scale, per box,	25 a .30
do. No. 1	a .
do. No. 2	a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	8 a 11
American	7 a 7½
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	. a 5.62½
Troy	a 5.62½
Michigan	5.56¼ a 5.62½
Ohio, round and flat	[illegible]
Pennsylvania	[illegible]
Brandywine	5.75 a .
Georgetown	5.62½ a .
Baltimore c. mills	[illegible]
Richmond c. mills	5.75 a .
do. country	5.50 a 5.62½
Alexandria	5.50 a 5.62½
Fredericksburg	[illegible] a 4.
Petersburg	[illegible] a 4.
Rye flour	4.00 a 4.25
Indian meal	4.00 a 4.25
do. per hhd.	17.00 a 18 00
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel.	1.00 a 1.15
do. Southern new	1.00 a .
Rye northern	78 a .80
Corn north'n & Jersey	75 a .77
Southern (weight)	— a .
Barley, Western,	a .
Oats, northern	38 a .39
do. southern	a .
do. New-Jersey	a .
Beans, &c.	8.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	205.00 a 210.00
outshot	.00 a .
Manilla	138.00 a 142.00
American, dew rot	80.00 a 97.50
do. water rot	120.00 a 170.50
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	11½ a 11¾
California	4 a 10
Orinoco	11 a 11½
Mexican	10½ a 10¾
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	65 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1844, lb.	12½ a 13½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	7.00 a 8.00
Cow	2.00 a 3 00

IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	35.00 a 37.50
do. American	32 50 a 35.00
Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
do. Russia P,S,I,	102.50 a 105.00
do. do. N. Sable	—.00 a .50
do. Swedes	90 00 a 92 50
do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
do. do. refined	87.50 a 90.00
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6 a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.80 a 6.50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.56 a 3.75
Bar, lb.	4½ a 4¾
Sheet	4½ a 5
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole.)	18 a 20
Hemlock, light	12 a 13½
do. midd'g	12 a 13½
do. heavy	11½ a 12½
do. damaged	9½ a 11
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	30.00 a 35.00
do. east pine	11 00 a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10 a .18
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	27.00 a 30.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 15 00
do. oak	30 00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.22 a .33
do. Ga. yel. pine	20 a .32
Shingles, cy. M.	[illegible] a 13.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50 00 a 52.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a 42.00
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a 32.00
do. r. oak hhd.	28.00 a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 45.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	30 a 31
Porto Rico	25 a 30
St. Croix	22 a [illegible]
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscovado	24 a 26
Martinique & Guadal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	15 a 19
Neuvitas	27 a 29
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4 a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	1.62½ a 1.87½
Pitch	1.00 a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	50 a 60
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50 a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	[illegible] a 4.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	38 a
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall.	65 a 84
Linseed, American	— a 57
Whale refined	50 a 55
Sperm, crude	83 a 84
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil,	58 a 61
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	7.75 a 8 00
do. prime	6 50 a .00
Pork, mess new.	10.75 a .
do. prime old	9 50 a .
do. cargo	a
Hog's lard	6 a 7½
Butter, West dairy	11 a 14
do. Orange county	15 a 16
do. common	9 a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	6 a 8
Hams smoked	5 a 8
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3.25 a 3.37½
Good to prime,	3.50 a 4 00
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	28 a 30
Bonaire	28 a 30
Curacoa	a
Ivica	a
Cadiz	a
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	a
Liverpool, gr'd, lb.	a
do. do. sack	1.05 a 1.07½
do. do. fine	1.15 a 1.30
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	3½ a 5½
Castile	8½ a 8¾
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 13
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxs	6½ a 7
American	a
Spring	5½ a 8
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	8 a 9½
New-Orleans	7½ a 8
Cuba, Muscovado	7¼ a 7¾
Porto Rico	7¼ a 8¼
Havana, white	9 a 9½
do. brown	7 a 8¼
Cuba, white	8½ a 9
do. brown	7½ a 8¼
Brazil, white	9 a 10
Manilla, brown	6½ a 7
Loaf	11 a
Crushed	11 a
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6½
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	45 a 90
Gunpowder	45 a .90
Hyson	40 a .88
Young Hyson	35 a .87
Hyson skin	22 a .55
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 75
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15½ a 16
in plates ½ × box	9.00 a 9.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	32 a 34
do. merino	27 a 28
Pulled, superfine	25 a 26
No. 1	25 a 26
No. 2	20 a 22

NOTICE TO COLORED TRAVELLERS.

J. P. COBURN informs his friends and acquaintances that he can accommodate them with board and lodging on reasonable terms. His house is situated on the corner of

Southac & Butolph Streets, Boston,

and is one of the most commodious and pleasant situations in the west part of the city, and he will spare no pains to make their situation comfortable, as he has everything convenient for that purpose.

October 8, 1846.—3m

Poetry.

From the London Reporter.

THE SLAVER:

A BALLAD.

The sun is setting red,
  And the sky of a murky hue—
Then a cheer we'll give for the dead,
  And a cheer for the slaver's crew.

She speeds o'er the green sea-wave,
  She speeds at a twelve-knot's pace:
Then "A cheer o'er the negro's grave!
  While the foe is giving chase."

"Can he catch us? British loon!"
  Asks the Spaniard, with a smile:
"The Devil will as soon,"
  Says he, and sneers the while.

But o'er his haughty brow,
  Emaciated, pale,
A shade is coming now—
  "Let her run before the gale!"

He shouts aloud: and then
  He calls for the deep red wine;
And he doubts whether slaves be men,
  Formed by the hand Divine.

The brave ship cuts away
  Through the ever-yielding sea;
And foams the sparkling spray,
  So bright and merrily.

"The English press us hard!"
  Exclaims the dark-eyed mate.
"No, no! such fears discard—
  The lubbers are too late!"

He makes reply. But mark,
  His hand is upon his brow—
"We must lighten the gallant barque
  While time and weather allow."

Such are his words—and "*splash*,"
  Is all we're doomed to hear.
Stop awhile: phosphoric flash
  The sea-waves, and then—*a cheer*

Is heard above the roar
  Of waters: then another
Splash—and all is o'er.
  They cheer each drowning brother.*

Night comes. The slaver's run
  Has not been made in vain:
The captain cries, "We've won!"
  And chuckles o'er his gain.

MORAL.

Oh gentle England! pause.
  Is such thy bootless task?
At least the evil cause
  Thereof don't shun to ask.

That cause is greedy lust
  Of pelf, man's primest ill—
Desires corrupt, which must
  Be slaves of evil will.

But still by Christian art
  Mankind improved may be:
We find *hope* where there's *heart*,
  And both where's "LABOUR FREE."

Then never say "Despair,"
  But place in God thy trust:
Who doth for sparrows care,
  Will conquer evil lust.

* "In the course of the evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, it was stated in reply to a question upon the point, that they did indulge in merriment on board slave-trading vessels, but that the occasions were those of funerals, when the body of some unfortunate slave was committed to the deep, amidst the general exultation of the survivors at his being released from the horrours of his situation."—*A recent Speech of Sir Robert Peel on the Slave-Trade.*

LYRICS OF LIFE—A SUNDAY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Our six days' toil is over;
  This is the day of rest:
The bee hums in the clover,
  The lark springs from her nest.
All living things are cheery
  Upon this Sabbath morn;
The blackbird cannot weary
  Of singing on the thorn;
The sheep within the meadow,
  Like driven snow they look;
The cows stand in the shadow
  Within the willowy brook.

"'Tis like that famous picture
  Which came from London down—
You must go and see that picture
  When next you're in the town!—
And then there's that engraving
  I told you of last spring—
I've been these six months saving
  To buy that lovely thing!
Well, both of them resemble
  This view at early day,
When diamond dew-drops tremble
  Upon the dog-rose spray;
In both there is the river,
  The church-spire, and the mill;
The aspens seem to shiver;
  The cloud floats o'er the hill!

"As soon as breakfast's over,
  We'll forth this merry morn,
Among the fragrant clover,
  And through the summer corn;
In the great church of Nature,
  Where God himself is priest,
We'll join each joyful creature,
  Flower, insect, bird, and beast.
The birds praise God in singing
  Among the leafy sprays,
And a loving heart is worship,
  A joyful soul is praise!
Come, then, this day of seven,
  God's gift to toil, shall be
A little bit of Heaven
  On earth to thee and me!
'Tis I the babe will carry—
  My youngest, darling boy—
And Bess and little Harry,
  They will be wild with joy
For them the wild rose minglea
  With woodbine on the bough,

And birds in leafy dingles
  Shout welcomes to them now!
Sweet wife, make haste! down yonder,
  Down by the miller's farm,
Through old field-paths we'll wander,
  Thy hand within my arm!

"For Sunday leisure heeding,
  The books I've bought are these—
The very books for reading
  Beneath the summer trees!
They're by that brave young poet
  Who wrote of Locksley Hall—
That charming verse!—you know it—
  You saw it first of all!
And 'neath the lime-tree shady,
  Among the summer corn,
I'll read of Burleigh's lady—
  A village maiden born.
Haste, haste, and get thee ready,
  The morn is wearing on;
The woodland lanes are shady;
  The dew dries; let's be gone!"

Miscellany.

The following sketch is from the People's Journal, a new illustrated periodical, published in London, edited by John Saunders, and which counts among its contributors, Harriet Martineau, William and Mary Howitt, Barry Cornwall, and a host of kindred spirits.

LAKE AND MOUNTAIN HOLIDAYS.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The Hutchinson Family in Grasmere.

The Hutchinsons have appeared in the Journal before. We all remember the singing group, and the memoir which Mrs. Howitt gave us. It is pleasant to me now to connect them with our lake scenery—to think that our valleys have resounded with their harmonies. Mrs. Howitt wrote to me that the Hutchinsons were coming to Kendal; and I forthwith settled in my own mind that they must sing to us at Ambleside. Everybody about me wished to hear them; and they wished to come: so the whole affair arranged itself easily enough. The large room at the White Lion was engaged, and filled with benches so as to hold the greatest possible number—two hundred. As the time drew near, however, I met a shake of the head whichever way I turned. Everybody was sure that many more than two hundred people would want admission. People were coming from Bowness, Grasmere, Hawkshead, and even Kendal; and if they should be turned back from the door, how could they be expected to bear it patiently? And then, the heat was excessive. Everybody was afraid of it. But what could be done? Here was the largest room that could be had; and the Hutchinsons could not stay to give a second concert. Such was the state of things—the tickets almost all sold—everybody wanting to go, and everybody dreading the heat when the Hutchinsons were to arrive—on Tuesday evening, June 16th. I had advised their coming by Newby Bridge from Lancaster, so as to finish their day's journey from Liverpool by the Windermere steamer. A trip by steamer from end to end of Windermere is the prettiest finish of a summer day's journey that can be imagined.

It was as lovely an evening as any during this glorious June of 1846. As I stood on the shore at Waterhead, waiting for the steamer, I endeavoured to look upon the landscape with the eyes of a stranger, and thought that if I were then seeing it for the first time, it would appear to me the true paradise of this world. The soft, ruddy evening light on Wansfell, the purple hollows of Loughrigg, the deep shadows on the western side of the lake, pierced by lines of silver light—the white gables of the houses at Clappersgate, peeping from the woods which skirt Loughrigg—and the little gray church on its knoll in the centre of the Brathay valley—these made up such a vision of delicious colouring that I imagined my friends on the deck of the steamer saying that never, in any lustrous evening of a New England autumn, had they enjoyed a richer feast to eye and mind. Then came the steamer, rounding the point from Lowwood. There seemed to be but few passengers on deck—no sign of any band of brothers, with a sister in the midst. They were not there; and I had only to hasten home, lest they should arrive some other way. Before I had been at home many minutes, I saw from my terrace a barouche coming rapidly along the winding road, with one bonnet, and several grey caps in it: it entered my gate, drove up to the porch; and I found myself among hearty American friends once more.

The first thing to be done was to go down to the White Lion and see the room. When there, we could only agree, like other people, that the room could hold only two hundred, and that it would be dreadfully hot. Then the brothers and sister stepped on the platform, and tried the fitness of the place for music. What those few notes were to others I know not. I saw afterwards that a number of people had on the instant gathered in the street; and a little friend of mine observed that he had now heard music that he thought beautiful. As for me, long years of solitary sickness had passed since I last heard harmony, or anything that I could call music, except one song in my sick room from Adelaide Kemble: and this was almost too much for me now, in full health. It thrilled through me, as if I were a harp played on by the wind. It seems to me that I never before heard such harmony, such perfect accord, as between those four voices. I believe the echo never sleeps in the ear of those who have once heard it.

The next day, Wednesday, was reserved for a glorious country holiday; and it turned out a day of pleasure without alloy. Rare as is the event of a pleasure day without alloy, for once it was so. A party of seventeen persons, aged somewhere between seventy-six and twelve years, met on the shore of Grasmere—about three miles from my house. We had three boats, and in them—rowed by ladies, children, young men, or servants, as the fit took us—we crossed to a shady, shingly spot, before the greatest heat of the day came on. There, on the shingle, some lay down, and talked, or played duck and drake, while others dabbled in the cool ripple, or dipped their heads, and let the water stream from their locks. Abby Hutchinson, the youngest of her parents' sixteen children, and therefore called "the baby," dropped asleep for a few minutes, with her head upon a stone—her sweet face looking as calm and innocent as any baby's. Other young ladies pushed off in a boat, to practice rowing, and came back relieved of the toil by a spirited little fellow of twelve, who wielded their oars manfully. Then off went one or another of the Hutchinsons, rowing away suddenly, as if for his life, and coming back no less vehemently. It was a gay little party, on the margin of a clear lake at the bottom of a basin of mountains, all green to the summit—dappled with woods and slopes, gay sunshine and deep shade. In the midst of the lake was its one island, green and bare, except on the side where a pine grove cast its shadow on the waters. On the opposite margin was the village of Grasmere, with its old church—its low and square tower showing itself from among the trees. Immediately behind it arose Helm Crag, the most beautiful summit in all the neighbourhood for form, light and shadow. To the left branched off the mountains, now grey and purple, which encompass Easedale. To the right ascended, winding round the skirts of Helvellyn, the road to Keswick. Scattered nearer at hand, among the nooks and on the slopes of the hills around the lake, were dwellings whose aspect might tempt wandering spirits of earth or air to stay and rest amidst Nature's peace. In this scene was our morning passed.

Then came the merry dining; the spreading of the table-cloths on the grass; the finding rocky seats to eat on conveniently; and the grouping (as if they could not help it) of the Hutchinsons to sing, their breath of song stirring up the quietest spirits of the party, like a breeze breaking the glassy calm of the lake; and then the lazy rest after dinner; broken by the arrival of a fourth brother of the Hutchinsons', bringing letters and newspapers from Liverpool, by the last packet. When each, on his separate stone, had read his letters and dispensed his public news, all who were ready for enterprise, and not afraid of the heat, began to climb in the direction of High Close. What a scramble was the first part! Tempted by the shade of a wall, we went straight up the face of the hill, where the grass was as glossy and slippery with the dry weather as so much satin, and for almost every step forward, we slipped one back. After a few laughs, some sensations of despair, many slides, and universal vows to return another way, we all reached the road, half-way up the ascent; and from thence all was easy. Cool airs soon came to us over the ridge before us; we got some water at a farm-house, and then attained our object. We stood in a field whence we commanded the finest view in Westmoreland. Far to the left stretched away Windermere among the lessening hills. Nearer to us lay Loughrigg-tarn, a round little lake, on higher ground, though beneath us. There it lay, blue and clear, under the dark slopes of Loughrigg. Immediately below us spread Elter Water—looking like a group of ponds amidst green meadows. To the right stretched Langdale, the winding, narrow valley which is overhung at the farther end by the glorious Langdale Pikes; our land-marks amidst the billowy hill region in which we live. Last of all, arose Bowfell,—the mountain mass which closes in the whole. Such is the mere outline of the scene which, sprinkled over with dwellings of every kind, from the great castle on a promontory of Windermere, to the grey hut on the mountain-side—with farmsteads, hamlets, mills, cottages—a chapel here, a bridge there, a sheep-fold below—such is the scene which is rightly called the finest view in Westmoreland. The Hutchinsons will never forget it. They noted down the names in their tablets, and the features of the scene in their minds. In the midst of it all, however, sweet Abby, [illegible] as fresh as a daisy, had in her hand [illegible] clear cold water for the benefit of the [illegible]

After returning to the [illegible] next thing was to row across the Grasmere [illegible] were to go a mile beyond the village, to a [illegible] house in Easedale, to tea. That was an even[illegible] be remembered. Our venerable hostess sat, [illegible] her beauty, under a shady tree, happy among her happy guests. The tea-tables in the shade, looked cool and tempting. We were in a garden, in front of a white cottage—an elegant, rambling cottage, all covered with roses, whose porch was almost one mass of blossom and spray. The sun let us alone under our trees, while it shone everywhere else, making the wild and sometimes dready Easedale, one scene of light and greenness. Soon, the Hutchinsons grouped themselves, as if by some irresistible attraction, and sang piece after piece, to the rapture of their hearers. Those who have heard them sing *The Cot where we were born*, the *Ohio Boatman*, and *Excelsior*, may conceive something of our delight. And—of all things to be doing—they were next teaching us to play *Fox and Geese* on the green below. They themselves played with great humour; and in the midst of our fun, I saw that all the servants of the house were looking on from a corner of the terrace, and not a few labourers from outside the gate. It was dim twilight when we arrived at home, after our merry drive of five miles; but Asa Hutchinson was not so tired—nor Abby neither, but that they would help me to water my parched dahlias and young fruit-trees. They worked with me at the pump, and in carrying water; and I shall think of them as my dahlias bloom and my fruit-trees grow. Next morning, at breakfast, too, the farmer-spirit awoke in Asa, as he saw the mower enter my field. He sprung up, wishing he "could get a chance to mow a bit,"—a wish easily gratified. My own little scythe was brought out; and he and his brothers—and again Abby—trimmed the grass round my young pear-trees. They reminded me that they were farmers, as if to account for the prank, in which, however, they had my entire sympathy.

This was the day of the concert. The evening before, a neighbouring gentleman had kindly and beneficently offered that his lawn should be the scene. His servants should move the benches, put up the platform, attend at the gates, and save all trouble. In the morning the hot weather melted away all doubts. It seemed clear that all parties—those who could not be consulted and those who could—would be best pleased to be sent to a shady spot in the open air, where any number of people might hear without any crowding. The Hutchinsons themselves begged that all the townspeople who liked might hear them, those who could not pay, as well as those who could. That concert will never be forgotten by any who were so happy as to be present. The Hutchinsons enjoyed it more than any they have given in this country. Abby left her bonnet in a rhododendron bush, out of sight; and the family group came up a green slope from a thicket below. The little platform was erected under the deep shade of spreading sycamores. In front and on either hand were collected a larger audience than any house in Ambleside could have contained; and among them were some who could not have enjoyed the pleasure elsewhere; an invalid lady, who lay on the grass; and an infirm old gentleman, whose chair was wheeled into the circle. There was row behind row of the tradespeople, servants, and labourers of the neighbourhood; and in the centre, behind all, the parish clerk—zealous in the psalmody, and all the other good objects of the place, and most active in promoting our concert. He deserved the enjoyment which I am sure he had.

And now, when I am most anxious to convey some impression of this festival, I am least able to do so. How is it possible to give an idea of the soul-breathing music of the Hutchinsons to those who have not heard it? One might as well attempt to convey in words the colours of the sky, or the strain of the nightingale as such utterance of the heart as theirs. One can only observe the effects. There was now hearty laughter, and now many tears. Nothing can be said of the interior emotions which found no expression. Everybody congratulated everybody else on having come. A young servant of mine, who went all in high spirits at the prospect of an evening's pleasure, cried the whole time—as did others. At the end, when every heart was beating in response to the brotherly greeting and farewell offered in the closing piece—*The Granite State*—the parish clerk sprung up and called for three cheers for the Hutchinsons, which were given by as many as had unchoked voices. I think no one could have come away without a strong impression, consciously or unconsciously entertained, of the good and beauty of a free nurture and exercise of our human powers. There must be many among us with powers, of one sort or another, equal to those of the Hutchinsons. If we could be wise, and take courage to follow the lead of our natures, it cannot be but that many of us might be as free, as simple, as happy, as beneficent as they—as able as they to speak to hearts, and to awaken souls.

As for me—I crossed the road to my own gate in a mood which the Hutchinsons described to me as theirs when I entered the room where we met for the last time:—"We are happy and sad," said they. I was happy and sad; and I dare say, so was everybody who was at that moment returning home from that green spot under the trees. The most moving thing, however, was yet to come. When they had dressed themselves for a night stage to Patterdale, and had supped, and said farewell, and seated themselves in the carriage, they stopped their horses on my terrace for yet another minute, and sent forth a sweet and most mournful chorus of farewell to me, in notes swelling and dying away in the still night air. I was "happy and sad," as I turned in to my solitary lamp. I could not let the glass door be closed, late as it was; but again and again I went out on the terrace to look for more stars to light my friends' way over the mountain pass, and to watch the summer lightning—not without some impression that their sweet strain of farewell was still floating over the valley. To me it can never die away in silence.

The Knoll, Ambleside, June 20th, 1846.

Postscript. Mr. Hartly Coleridge was present at the concert; and the effect on him of Abby Hutchinson's singing of the *May Queen* may be judged of by the following sonnet, which he permits me to send to this paper:

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

I would, my friend, indeed, thou had'st been here,
Last night, beneath the shady sycamore,
To hear the lines to me well-known before
Embalmed in music, so translucent, clear,
Each word of thine came singly to the ear,
Yet all was blended in a flowing stream.
It had the rich repose of summer dream,
The light distinct of frosty atmosphere,
Still have I loved thy lines, yet never knew
How sweet they were—till woman's voice invested
The pencil'd outline with the living hue,
And every note of feeling proved and tested.
  What might old Pindar be—if once again
The harp and voice were trembling with his strain!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE TABLES TURNED.

At seven o'clock the dinner was served, and a more excellent one was never given in Calcutta, but as everything must come to an end, so this excellent dinner at last was finished; the desert was served up, and bookahs began to emit their guttural notes. Many were the subjects broached and got rid of: many the toasts which enlivened this fashionable feast. At length, by the most skilful manœuvring, and with infinite tact, Macauley brought the beauty of the tables on the tapis. Every one admired them, and felt grateful to them for having so lately supported the rich dinner of their host. "They are perfect. I never saw any so well proportioned in my life. I must have some made like them," said a dinner-giving old civilian, with half a liver. "They are too high," chimed in Charles Macauley, with affected indifference: "just a leetle too high, don't you think so, Gordon?" "On the contrary," replied the host, "if anything, I consider them a shade too low." "You are mistaken, my dear fellow. I have an excellent eye, and I am sure I am right. No table should exceed two feet six inches, and these are at least one higher." "Don't bet, James, don't bet, for I am sure of the fact, I tell you I cannot be deceived. My eye is always correct." "Don't bet! if it were not that the tables are my own, and consequently, that I should bet on a certainty, I'd lay you a lack of rupees that they are not more than thirty inches in height." Oh, if you are willing, I'll take the bet, but remember, gentlemen, I tell you beforehand, I am *certain* of the fact. I say these tables are at least thirty-one inches from the ground." "Done, for a lack of rupees," cried Gordon. "Done," re-echoed Charley. Their betting books were brought out, and the wager duly registered. A servant was ordered to bring in a yard measure, when Macauley turned round with an air of triumph. "You may save yourselves the trouble of measuring, ha! ha!" and he chuckled with delight. "I warned you fairly, I bet on a certainty, so you can't be off, James." "I stand to my bet," said Gordon. "Well, then, pay me the money. I measured the tables this morning while you were shaving, and here is a memorandum of their height, thirty-one inches exactly," and the colonel burst into a roaring fit of laughter as he produced his pocket book. "I know you did," said James, "I saw you do so in my looking-glass." The colonel started. "So as soon as you had gone away, knowing well your intentions, I had an inch sawed off every leg. So for once, my knowing friend, *the tables are turned!*" Charles Macauley left Calcutta next day, £10,000 poorer than the day he arrived; and what is still worse, the very youngest ensigns quiz him about the story to this very day.

GEORGE WILSON.

The New England Puritan publishes the following story without any question as to its authenticity. If it be true it will bear frequent repetition:

A few years since, as the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary first-sight appearance, but whose intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention, as the boy inquired, "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work, for him, and learn to read?" "Whose boy are you, and where do you live?" "I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the work-house because they will not teach me to read." The reverend gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read.

Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates by his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary, after awhile, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighbourhood. There the same integrity won for him the favour of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favourite pursuits.—Here he made large attainments in the mathematics, in the French language, and other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France. "Go to France," said his master, (surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly became dissatisfied with his situation,) "for what?" "Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain?" His reverend friend was invited accordingly, and at tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," he said, "a prize was offered by the French Government for the simplest rule of measuring plain surfaces of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered." He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then our Minister at the Court of France.

He was introduced to Louis Phillippe, and in the presence of the King, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, the American youth, demonstrated his problem and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the King.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, where he took up a similar prize offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery, by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had attended his demonstrations at St. James, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburgh, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias.

From the New Orleans Delta.

A PECULIARLY RICH CORRESPONDENCE.

We publish the following as an illustration of the philosophy of letter writing. Maj. McCalla, it will be seen, is positive, pointed, and sententious. Captain Tobin is candid, discursive, and didactic. The whole, if not trenching on the sublime, belongs at least to the "beautiful."

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, 2d AUDITOR'S OFFICE, July 31, 1846.

Sir:—You are charged on the books of this office with $1,525, the value of the clothing and blankets furnished for the use of your company, and for which you will be held accountable. In order to relieve yourself from this accountability, you will enter on your first muster roll all articles of clothing and blankets issued to the men under your command, and request the paymaster to deduct the several amounts from their first payment.

You are also held responsible for the camp and garrison equipage received for your company, until turned over to a United States Quartermaster.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN M. McCALLA, Second Auditor.
Capt. G. H. TOBIN, Wash'ton Regt. La. Volunteers.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, 2d AUDITOR'S OFFICE, August 8, 1846.

Sir:—By a decision of the Hon. the Secretary of War, each soldier under your command is entitled to six month's clothing, to the amount of $21; all over that they are to be charged with. There will be other charges, of which you will be informed by this office. You will please consider this letter your guide, in addition to the one you received from me of the 31st ultimo.

Very respectfully,
JOHN M. McCALLA, Second Auditor.
Capt. G. H. TOBIN, Louisiana Volunteers.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 17, 1846.

Sir:—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of two favours from you, one dated 31st July, the other, 8th August. I can only answer by a yarn.

A countryman of mine was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking fresh eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance, he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirrupped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed, "Be the powers, my friend, you spoke too late."

I can only say, Sir, that your favours have reached me too late. They have been chasing me through the Mexican post-offices; that is, to express myself more clearly, when I received them, they (the letters) were down in Mexico, and I was up here, and when I did'nt receive them, they were up here, and I was there.

The fact is, that most of my men have been paid off, and are now scattered to the four quarters of the globe. They were mostly sailors, as I *was* myself. From them, (if there be charges,) nothing can be expected. The camp and garrison equipage has been turned over to the proper officers, with the exception of sundry axes smashed and placed *hors du combat* in chopping down those amiable *chapporals* on the banks of the Rio Grande. I except, also, the camp-kettles and pans—many of which were used up in roasting, boiling, stewing, and frying our pork and beans, bacon, and fresh beef, not to speak of the *slow venison*, which some were ill-natured enough to call Mexican beef, (may the Lord forgive them.

For my own responsibility in the matter, I regret, more on Uncle Sam's account than on my own, that I am not worth a continental dime. I have been not only paid, but I believe overpaid by about $40. My conscience compelled me to remonstrate with the paymasters, but they assured me that they made no mistake, (bank tellers sometimes say the same.) I considered their feelings and indulged them.—However, I made good use of the money. I gave it to the sick and unpaid soldiers.

Most of the other captains are in the same fix with myself (barring the overpay) about responsibility, and refer to my epistle as an answer.

If you have any farther communication for me, please direct to the care of Maj. Gen. John L. Lewis, New Orleans. I seldom go to the post-office, because I have nobody to correspond with, and yet I am not the man who never had father nor mother, but I "was won at a raffle."

Very respectfully,
G. H. TOBIN.
Capt. Com. D. Washington Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers.
JOHN M. McCALLA, Second Auditor.

P. S. I don't know whether to sign myself captain, ex-captain, or late captain. I *was* a captain.

From Silliman's Journal of Science and Arts, for September.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

As the season approaches when the ravages of this disease generally make their appearance, it is desirable to know how far investigations already entered into, have proceeded towards the detection of the cause of such an evil, and the suggestion of a remedy. Little has as yet been done on any organized plan in this country. In Europe, the case has been very different. In Holland and Belgium a committee was first appointed to collect facts calculated to throw light on the nature of the disease. In one of the Dutch provinces, Groningen, a separate commission was appointed for the same purpose.

In Germany, Liebig among others has turned his attention to the potato, and has lately published some observations on its nitrogenous constituents.

A number of the French philosophers, both alone, and under the auspices of the Central Society of Agriculture, have also attended to the subject. M. Payen has lately published three or four reports containing the results of elaborate microscopic and chemical researches.

The English Government sent a commission to Ireland, of three distinguished scientific men, with directions to obtain as much information as possible on the nature and extent of the disease. In Scotland originated the most extended scheme of all. The subject was taken up in its several branches as it is connected with botony, meteorology, entomology, and chemistry. Each branch was referred to a competent person, and the investigation is still in progress.

It is not, as yet, even certainly determined in what form the disease first attacks the plant. A great number of observers have considered that it is first seen in patches of dark-coloured fungi on the leaves, thence gradually spreading down to the tubers. Dr. Ferguson, in Paris, and several others in England, think that they have detected the sporules of the fungus passing down through the stem in the ordinary circulation of sap. But there are well authenticated instances where the potato tops have remained green and flourishing while the tubers were much diseased; it cannot, therefore, be said with certainty that the disease first appears as a fungus on the leaves.

All agree that the nitrogenous compounds in the tuber are affected first, and to a peculiar state of these constituents, Liebig and others have referred the origin of the disease. The starch is attacked last, and often remains uninjured when the walls of the cellular tissue that enclose its globules are nearly destroyed. From potatoes which have become even offensive in their smell, perfectly good starch has been extracted. The manufacture of starch becomes of great importance in the economical disposition of the diseased potato.

The report of the Groningen commission ascribes the disease to the wetness and sudden changes of the two last years. M. Payen thinks that excessive moisture has predisposed the potato to yield to the attacks of fungi. Mr. Phillips, of London, has published a pamphlet, in which he ascribes the whole thing to the same cause. These are only a few of those who advocate this view of the question. All who have experienced much rain, assign this as the cause of disease, not knowing that it has been quite as bad on dry soils and where there has been little rain. In all the west of Scotland the summer of 1845 was considered rather a dry one, and in Islay, one of the western islands on the Scotch coast, the streams had not been so low for many years. The potatoes were as much affected in this part of Scotland as on the east coast. These facts seem quite decisive on the subject of wetness, for one well authenticated case where the disease has occurred under circumstances that preclude the idea of its being caused by wet, renders the theory quite untenable.

It is not so easy to decide whether atmospheric influence is the cause of the disease. In order to arrive at any certain conclusion on this point, extended meteorological observations are necessary. It is a singular fact that three or four counties forming the extreme northern point of Scotland were entirely free from it, without any essential difference in their season from that of the other countries, so far as was known by ordinary observers. The overseer of Mr. Fleming, of Barochan, in Renfrewshire, Scotland, lifted from one of his fields, on the 5th of September last, (1845,) about five hundred weight of potatoes; these were stored in the house and remained perfectly sound at the date of his writing, in the middle of winter. From the same field on the 15th of September, were lifted five hundred weight more of the same potatoes. These, after being in the house two days, were tainted and decaying, as was the case before the end of September with all that were left in the field. In this instance, the crisis in the change from the healthy to the diseased tuber took place between the 5th and 15th of September. If the disease had shown itself at this time simultaneously in every part of that district, this fact would go far to show that it was caused by some atmospheric influence; but the contrary was the case. In some fields it appeared as early as July, even on adjoining farms. The cause then remains still a mystery.

Of remedies a very great number had been suggested; many without due consideration.

The commissioners sent by the English Government into Ireland were particularly unfortunate in this respect for want of a little practical knowledge added to their undoubted scientific attainments. All the means of prevention that have formerly proved successful failed during the last year. An excellent method has been to change the seed every year, taking it from a high country to the lowlands, but this was found to have lost its efficacy. Gypsum, and hot slaked lime, have also been of little benefit. The *greening* of potatoes intended for seed, by letting them lay in the sun, has been much recommended, and on cutting up the sun-burned potatoes it has been found, according to some statements, that the greened parts were never diseased. It may be well to turn attention to this subject. In former years some persons succeeded in invigorating the crop by means of certain saline manures, and even during the last season it was thought that they were in some degree beneficial. We are not aware that any plan heretofore suggested has proved uniformly successful over any great breadth of country.

The preservation of the crop during the winter has excited the deepest interest, and here also the number of methods proposed defies enumeration. The result of all the trials seems to be that the disease makes very slow progress, and in many instances none at all, when the potatoes are kept *perfectly dry* and *well ventilated*. Both of these conditions seem absolutely essential; packing them in dry absorbent earth, and even in charcoal, has proved a signal failure. It is necessary in any case where the disease has made much progress to pick over the heaps frequently, and carefully select all of the affected tubers. Kiln-drying has been resorted to in cases of extremity; this preserves the potato for food, but of course destroys its vitality.

Of the various plans proposed for the planting of potatoes in spring, none has been found more efficacious than cutting carefully selected potatoes into sets, containing each two or three healthy eyes.—These sets are sprinkled with sulpheric or hydrochloric acid, diluted in the proportion of one pound of acid to four gallons of water. Newly slaked lime, or gypsum, is then added so as to form a crust over the cut surface.

The diseased potatoes have not been found, injurious as food. In Scotland, all kinds of domestic animals have been fed with them freely, and actually thrived upon them. We have, in the present communication, glanced merely at the principal points of interest hitherto touched, in the researches upon this subject; it is much, to know which are false theories, even if we have made little positive advance.

Prof. Johnson, in a late communication, has informed us that from attentive consideration of the analyses of diseased and healthy potatoes made in his laboratory during the past year, he has been led to recommend the application of a certain manure to the potato crop, as calculated, in many cases if not universally, to arrest the disease. He does not speak of this with confidence, but as a thing yet to be tried. The publication containing his paper has not yet reached us, and we are consequently unable to say more.

We are forced to conclude that the origin and causes of this disease are at present unknown; its mysterious marks have appeared suddenly on two continents, separated by two oceans; under heat and drought, rain and cold, on wet and dry, light and heavy soils, at every elevation, and in every variety of potato. Those who have most carefully investigated its peculiarities, most widely examined its range, are most undecided as to its cause.

Only by a very long and extended series of experiments, by an accumulation of accurate results, can we hope to arrive at a solution of the mysterious problem. No subject of the present day offers more attractions to the scientific man, or a wider field of usefulness. The very existence of a crop of incalculable importance seems at stake; practice has entirely failed in its efforts to correct the evil, and looks to science for that aid, which, if within the limits of possibility, should be afforded. J. P. N.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

From the Jewish Chronicle.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF MEMORY AND SIGHT.

Rabbi-Hersch-Daennemark, whose wonderful memory and sight have produced a great sensation in Russia, France, and Germany, and puzzled the most eminent men of the faculty, made his appearance at Sussex-hall, on Thursday, the 30th ult. At a mere glance he exactly told the number of lines on a page, in manuscript or print. In any Hebrew book, or in any other language interspersed with Hebrew words, the rabbi told, without looking in, the words occurring on the line and page being named. A pin being stuck through ever so many leaves, he tells the exact word to which the point of the pin penetrates. This he accomplished in books which some of the audience brought from home with them. Being rather an uneducated man, and not able to read any other language than Hebrew, his extraordinary powers cannot be brought to bear upon any other language. He wears a diamand ring, presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, and a gold watch, by Prince Metternich. The Germans called him "Der Wunder Man," (the man of wonder,) and no one has yet been able to explain his remarkable but undeniable ability of telling that which he does not see, and never has seen before. His demeanour is wild and incoherent, and indicates not the usual soundness of mind.

AN ENTHUSIAST.—We read in a Belgian Journal—"The sale of the gallery of paintings of M. Van N. of Brussels, who died in the course of the last month, is advertised. This celebrated amateur not only devoted his life, but sacrificed the whole of his fortune, which originally produced him a revenue of 40,000f. a year, to his passion for possessing the masterpieces of the great Flemish artists. Reduced by this to the want of even the necessaries of life, he could not be induced to part with even one of his cherished treasures. At last, an old servant, who continued to serve him without wages, converted the gallery into a source for the maintenance of his master and himself, by applying the gratuities given him for showing the splendid collection to visitors in purchasing food for them both. A few years ago the faithful and affectionate old servant died, and M. Van N. hopeless of finding another upon the same terms, took the office upon himself. When visitors came to view the gallery, he put on the old livery, and attended them through it, displaying a critical acquaintance with the merits of each picture that delighted all, and astonished those who were able to appreciate his erudition. Sometimes the visitors, supposing him to be really the servant, would make the master the subject of sarcastic observations, some calling him an eccentric fool, and others a madman, and wondering that his friends did not have him declared a lunatic. All this he listened to either with perfect indifference, or making palliating excuses as his old servant used to do, and, when their curiosity was satisfied, holding out his hand for the accustomed fee."

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.—When a person commended very zealously the piety of the Emperor Alexander, Foster remarked, "Yes, sir, a *very* good man; very devout: no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland."—*Fraser.*

ARRIVAL IN LIVERPOOL OF A SON OF THE LATE DWARKANAUTH TAGORE.—On Friday evening last Baboo Nogendernauth Tagore, the son of the late much lamented Dwarkanauth Tagore, arrived in Liverpool, and has since been staying at the Adelphi Hotel. Baboo, who dresses like his father, in the costume of his native country, is a fine lad, apparently not more than seventeen years of age. He is accompanied by Mr. Drummond, of Lowndes-square, London, and his object in coming here is to see the principal public buildings and objects of interest in the town.—*Liverpool Albion.*

APPLE DISEASE.—The apples introduced into the London markets during the present season are affected in a manner unknown for many years. The disease shows itself in the speedy decay of the fruit after it is gathered.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT.—The formal inauguration of the Scott monument at Edinburgh took place on Saturday week, the aniversary of Scott's birth. At *a given signal the covering which concealed the poet's* statue was torn away, and the work of art presented to public view. Rounds of cheering, salvoes of artillery, and the crash of military bands, welcomed the spectacle. Lord Glenlyon made a congratulatory speech, and handed over the building to the care and keeping of the civic authorities. Mr. Adam Black, the Lord Provost, replied; delivering a lofty panegyric on the genius of Sir Walter Scott. The statue, the uncovering of which constituted the distinctive act of inauguration, is the admired work of Mr. Steel, a native artist; and represents Sir Walter in a sitting posture, with his dog Maida at his feet. The block of marble, in its rough state, weighed from thirty to thirty-three tons; and its removal from Leghorn to Edinburgh involved a story of remarkable adventures. Four niches immediately over the principal are filled by figures of Prince Charles Edward, Meg Merrilies, the Last Minstrel, and the Lady of the Lake—all by Edinburgh artists. The cost of the monument has been from £15,000 to £16,000.

WHITE AND BROWN BREAD.—"Mistaken notions," says the *Literary Gazette*, "respecting the quality of different sorts of bread have given rise to much waste. The general belief is, that the bread made of the finest flour is the best, and that whiteness is the proof of its quality; but both of these opinions are popular errors. The whiteness may be, and generally is, communicated by alum, to the injury of the consumer: and it is well known by men of science, that the bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with the refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die."

Commander C. Morton, R. N. has propounded a new geological theory respecting the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway and of Staffa; contending that they are not of volcanic but of vegetable origin, and the splendid relics of stupendous bamboos of a far distant age!

SALE OF THE MISSAL OF MARGARET OF ANJOU.—A sale by auction of a collection of curious and rare manuscripts and books took place at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms, yesterday week, and among them was a highly-preserved and beautifully-finished manuscript on vellum, of the fifteenth century, adorned with fifty-one large and twenty-four small miniature paintings, said to have been the prayer-book of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI. It is composed of 236 leaves, beautifully illuminated. Prefixed to some prayers in the French language is the portrait of Margaret at her devotions. The first offer was £30, and eventually it was sold for £115.

POLITICAL LIBERTY IN FRANCE.—A Frenchman cannot be a member of any company, society, or companionship, except such as may be authorized by the Government, which authorizes none but such as are entirely unconnected with civil, moral, religious, or political matters; if any such exist, they are merely tolerated, and the Government is empowered to prohibit their meetings, or dissolve them, even if they have been authorized. A Frenchman cannot call or assist in public meetings to consider or discuss any question relating to general or local interests. Even private meetings of more than twenty persons are prohibited, if in any way connected with political matters.—*France, her Governmental, Administrative, and Social Organization Exposed.*

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